

The Front Page

A WASHINGTON news-letter draws from the events of last week the eminently reasonable conclusion—which could have been drawn long ago—that the public must become accustomed to the idea that “this war can only be won by a somewhat extravagant expenditure of blood.” That is to say, we must abandon our consoling theory that because of our command of “resources” we can confidently expect to kill six or eight Germans for one United Nations fatality. Even in the last war, when our command of resources was much greater in comparison with Germany’s than in this one, we found in the long run that we had no such advantage; and in the present war we have no reason whatever to expect it. Nor can we expect that Russia, because of the lack of a water boundary between herself and the German forces, will be compelled to sustain an overwhelming proportion of the casualties; for the war cannot be terminated without a conflict of the most extreme violence upon the soil of Western Europe, and in that conflict the United Nations will have to be prepared to sacrifice human life as freely as the Germans will be prepared to do so. It is true that when once we have entrenched ourselves on the continent our air superiority will relieve considerably the strain on our land forces; but even with air superiority the process of establishing that foothold on land will be long, difficult and costly.

On this point the Dieppe casualty lists, deeply though they have grieved the Canadian people, have also done it an immense amount of good. They have gone far to make it realize that the economic discomforts which from now on it will increasingly be called upon to endure are imperatively necessary, and are insignificant in comparison with the contribution which its fighting men are making to the cause of our common freedom. It might indeed have been well if such aggressive operations as Dieppe had been possible a little earlier, in order that the Canadian people might have awakened that much earlier to the true character of the struggle in which they are engaged.

On Fawning

THE St. Catharines Standard accuses us of having long “fawned upon the intellectual light of Mackenzie King.” This is very disturbing. We had always supposed that fawning (and the Oxford English Dictionary confirms us in this view) was showing a somewhat servile regard by wagging the tail, as a dog does, or rubbing against any reachable part of the anatomy, as a cat does; and we cannot imagine how one can perform either kind of operation upon a light, even an intellectual light like that of the Prime Minister. Hence it is possible that we have been doing it without knowing it.

But in any ordinary sense of the word fawning we are guiltless as regards Mr. King, and the St. Catharines Standard knows it, and will make no effort to produce any single paragraph or any single sentence of ours which can by any process of interpretation be tortured into a suggestion of the servile adulation which the word implies. We have expressed from time to time a good deal of admiration for many of the measures of Mr. King’s Government, an admiration which has usually been shared (on these particular measures) by many Conservative newspapers whose partisanship was slightly less intense than that of the Standard. We have also believed, and expressed the belief, that Mr. King’s Government was right in going to very considerable lengths in order to retain the sympathy and cooperation of French Canada and avoid throwing the whole French-speaking membership of the House of Commons into Opposition; and we have believed, and expressed the belief, that the plebiscite and various other measures adopted for that purpose were proper and beneficial. If that be fawning upon



FENG YU-HSIENG, FAMOUS “CHRISTIAN GENERAL”. HIS TASK WILL BE TO TRAIN CHINA’S NEWLY DRAFTED ARMY OF SIX MILLION MEN. HE IS VICE-CHAIRMAN OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK’S MILITARY COUNCIL.

Mr. King or upon his intellectual light we shall have to plead guilty, but with the qualifying plea that our object was not to fawn upon Mr. King but to maintain the largest possible measure of national unity in a country where and at a time when national unity is difficult and demands sacrifices and compromises.

That there must come a time when compromise, even for the sake of national unity, ceases to be defensible, we very fully realize. It is possible that that time is at hand. So far we have endeavored to form our own opinion on that question without fawning upon the intellectual light of either the Prime Minister or the St. Catharines Standard; and we shall go on so endeavoring.

The Fighting French

WE ARE not often so concerned for the success of a Toronto tag day as we are for that of Saturday next, September 5, in aid of the Free French movement, with three-quarters of its proceeds going to General de Gaulle’s military needs and one-quarter to provide comforts for his men—who, it must be remembered, have no “home front” to back them up like the troops of the unoccupied countries.

It is vitally important that Canada’s largest English-speaking city should make a good demonstration of its sympathy with the true and loyal Frenchmen who are fighting side by side with our own men to extricate France from

What Was Dieppe?

See Willson Woodside’s article, page 12.

the grip of the foes of liberty. Generous Canadian support of the Free French cause will have repercussions all over the world, but nowhere more than among those “resistant” French in France itself who to the best of their powers aided our lads in Dieppe and will aid them more and more effectively as we penetrate deeper and the grip of the tyrant becomes weaker. These resistant forces obtain full and prompt knowledge of everything affecting France that happens in the outside world; and a resounding rebuke to the partisans of Vichy is the most effective encouragement that could reach them.

But this tag day has its importance also for other parts of Canada. It may be necessary to tolerate a little longer the presence of a Vichy diplomatic establishment at Ottawa, but it is quite equally necessary to show that that tolerance implies no sympathy for the policies of the regime and its ready acquiescence in the Nazi domination of Europe. And the recent behavior of Vichy has done nothing to increase its claim on the sympathy of any opponent of Nazism.

The Vichy government has protested to the United States government against the bombing of Rouen in Occupied France by American aircraft. By so doing the Vichy government assumes the right to be regarded as the protector and paramount authority of a territory which is completely at the disposal of the power which is the enemy of the United States, of Britain and of Canada alike. It might just as well have protested indeed we shall be rather surprised if it does not protest—to Canada against the attack upon Dieppe, which can hardly have failed to do some damage to French civilian as well as German military personnel and property.

Mr. Conant’s Letter

THE Attorney General of Ontario has a much better reason for his attitude on the subject of charges laid under the Defence of Canada Regulations than the average citizen is likely to gather from the somewhat obscure language of those parts of his letter which have got into the public press. That attitude may at first blush appear to be “unco-operative” towards the Dominion Government; and a certain measure of unco-operativeness towards that authority has come, rightly or wrongly, to be expected of the people at Queen’s Park. But an examination of the situation shows that Mr. Conant’s attitude is unco-operative towards people who are at least very difficult to co-operate with.

Mr. Conant rather made it sound as if it were the fault of the Dominion Government, or at least were something which it could prevent, that the opinions of the Quebec courts as to the meaning of D.C.R. are radically different from those of the courts in other provinces. The Dominion Government could do nothing to change the opinion of the judge who acquitted Mr. Chaloult on the ground of good faith; but the Dominion Government could have, and should have, appealed that judgment in order to ascertain from a higher tribunal whether it, or the opposite judgments which have been rendered in other provinces, must be regarded as embodying the true meaning of the Regulation in question. It has studiously refrained from doing so. In these circumstances we think that the Attorney General of Ontario is fully entitled to refuse to accept the responsibility of consenting to proceedings under these Regulations when the information is laid, as it usually is, by persons in the employ of the Dominion and all the facts in the case are in the possession of the Dominion authorities. The consent can be just as well granted by the Attorney General of Canada; there is no need whatever, in these cases, for any co-operation by the province; and the only reason that we can think of for

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Owing to staff shortage, boys of Cheltenham College, one of England's famous public schools, have had to undertake the domestic work of the establishment. They lay the tables, make the beds, sweep the floors and do the work of servants who have been absorbed by industry and the forces. Thus the levelling of society in Britain proceeds. Students seen here are learning that manual tasks are not beneath their dignity.



Above, Cheltenham boys, big and small, take their turns at serving in the dining hall while, below, others clean and polish the bathrooms.



DEAR MR. EDITOR

Refusal of Dissolution is Common

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THERE can be no doubt at all that on the question of dissolution of Parliament you are right and the *Winnipeg Free Press* is wrong. Precedent and the overwhelming weight of authority alike decisively support your view. In Britain since 1783, and in the colonies and Dominions since the advent of responsible government, there have been at least 51 cases of refusal of dissolution. Leaving aside routine dissolutions, dissolution has been refused almost once in every three times it was asked for. 27 of the refusals have taken place since the beginning of 1899, 24 since the beginning of 1900. The only refusals in Britain, South Africa and Canada (Dominion), and exactly half the refusals in Australia, have taken place in the present century. King George V refused dissolution to Mr. Asquith in November 1910, later granting it only after the Government had consented to introduce the Parliament Bill in the Lords before the election. (See Sir Almeric Fitzroy's *Memoirs*, vol. II, pp. 422-423; Lord Newton, *Life of Lord Lansdowne*, pp. 404-405; Spender and Asquith, *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, vol. I, pp. 296-299.) The most recent refusal was in South Africa in September 1939.

Even Dicey explicitly placed a restriction on the right of a Cabinet to obtain a dissolution on demand: "If an appeal to the electors goes against the Ministry they are bound to retire from office, and have no right to dissolve Parliament a second time." (*Law of the Constitution*, 8th ed., p. 416.)

The *Free Press*' reference to a refusal of dissolution by William the Fourth is puzzling. In (as I thought) a most careful and exhaustive survey of the cases, I have never encountered any reference to this once. It would be interesting if the *Free Press* would give details.

Australia is, in the British Empire, the classic land of the multiple-party system. It is also the classic land of refusals of dissolution: 36 of the 51 have taken place there. Much useful information, and many valuable comments, are available in the works of Dr. H. V. Evatt, the present Australian Attorney-General and Minister of External Affairs: *The King and His Dominion Governors* (Oxford, 1936), and *The Discretionary Authority of Dominion Governors* (in 18 Canadian Bar Review, no. 1). Dr. Evatt, who holds advanced Labor views, emphatically rejects the *Winnipeg Free Press*' view on this subject. As he is not only an eminent political leader but also a former Judge of the Australian High Court, he speaks with considerable authority.

Ottawa, Ont.

EUGENE FORSEY.

The Merchant Navy

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE Merchant Navy, as it is now called, while serving the United Nations in a way which is worthy of all the praise and adulation it receives, receives only praise and adulation, and in every other respect is still treated as if it were operating under peacetime conditions.

These gallant men should be exempted from paying income-tax just as are the other three arms of the services. After all, they are in the firing line a great deal more at present than the Canadian army overseas.

On page 4706 of Hansard for the past session Mr. Isley gives as the reason for exempting the armed forces from income tax: "We were paying them money to fight for us and we should not take part of it back." He also made the distinction that the armed forces are paid by the Crown while the Merchant Navy are paid by private employers. But

the men of the Merchant Navy are taxed on their salary, on their assessment of thirty dollars additional for board, and on their war risk bonus, which last they do actually receive from the Admiralty, that is to say from the Crown. I claim that if it is unjust to tax monies received from the Crown by the armed forces, it is equally unjust to tax monies received from the Crown by the Merchant Navy, although the whole argument appears to me to be a mere technicality.

With sufficient pressure from public opinion it may be possible to achieve exemptions for these men, and even the exemption of the war risk bonus would be a start towards parity of treatment.

Mr. Howard Green, M.P. for Vancouver, started the ball rolling during the debate on the Budget (see the same page of Hansard). The letter from which he quoted included these sentences: "I personally know of two cases, one a survivor of the *Empress of Asia* and the other an injured member of the crew of one of the other *Empresses*, who soon after their return to Vancouver after serving fourteen months in the war zone received a request for payment of income tax for the year 1941. . . . This is an injustice. These men are as much in the firing line as the Navy."

SATURDAY NIGHT has the reputation of being willing to sponsor a just and worthy cause. I hope that you will be able to help us to gain public support for this demand.

(Mrs.) F. W. RICHARDSON,
Vancouver, B.C.

Mountain Conquered

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

ONE more British Columbia mountain has been conquered. Mount Queen Bess, 10,700 feet high, long regarded as one of the most difficult peaks in the Coast Range, has been scaled by Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, and Henry S. Hall, of Boston, secretary of the American Alpine Club. The party spent a month in the task.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday are British Columbia's outstanding alpinists. Climbing mountains is their pleasure and their profession. They have been escorting parties above the clouds for nearly a quarter of a century, and have more "firsts" to their credit in this province than any other individual. One of their spectacular achievements about twenty years ago was carrying their baby daughter to the top of an unnamed peak. In recognition of this feat the mountain was officially named "Baby Munday Mountain."

P. W. L. C.

A National Dicker

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS apparent that a large distinctive racial bloc of Canadians is strongly opposed to conscription for overseas service and will do their utmost to prevent the enforcement of this law. I believe it would be wise policy to make a dicker with this minority bloc and its leaders, for the sake of national unity, and to get rid of a lot of things which are objectionable to other Canadians.

Let us take it as granted, that the acceptance of the rights and privileges of Canadian citizenship carries with it the acceptance of the responsibilities and duties of this citizenship. Therefore, if a body of Canadian citizens wishes to be relieved of any of the responsibilities and duties, it must be prepared to give up some rights and privileges to counterbalance. Therefore, I suggest that if conscription for overseas be not applied to the Province of Quebec, privileges at present claimed be surrendered in compensation as follows:—

(1) Outside the province of Quebec, the English language only will be the official language.

(2) Outside of the province of Quebec, the language of instruction in all schools will be English only.

(3) In the province of Quebec, English must be properly taught in all schools getting grants of public money.

(4) In the province of Quebec, any person holding public office must be able to speak and read English fluently.

(5) In the province of Quebec, the English and French languages to have equal official status.

(6) All men of military age throughout Canada employed in war industry, whose jobs could be done by men over or under military age, or by women, will be subject to a 50% Defence Tax, or will pay 50% of their income over their average wage earnings during the period 1935-1939 as excess profit tax.

Montreal, Que. W. B. HONEYMAN.

The Failure of Citizens

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. HEMMING'S letter to you calling attention to Mr. Macdonnell's omission to make any reference in his recent articles to the all-important factor of political morality and his ingenuous disavowal of any responsibility seems to indicate a lack of appreciation in him of the responsibilities of every Canadian citizen.

This unfortunate attitude of mind is all too common amongst people like Mr. Hemming in Canada today, who see our political parties as alone responsible for the present malodorous electoral system.

Why cannot these people see that through the mechanics of the democratic system as it is in Canada today they cannot hope to work reforms other than through the medium of a political party, and why cannot they

see that by sitting back holding themselves aloof from a party's organization, such organizations must of necessity fall into the control of undesirable hands, and from there on upwards the canker of political inefficiency, if not political immorality, works on uninterrupted.

Mr. Hemming and other Canadians who like him are dissatisfied with the working of our present system are required in bringing about the much needed reformation, and Canadians would have occasion to rejoice if, rather than being so ready to absolve themselves of responsibility, they took their coats off and started to work upon reforms in our political practices for the benefit of Canada through some political organization, be it Liberal, Conservative or C.C.F. Winnipeg, Man. PHILIP BAKER.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

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the Dominion's asking for that co-operation is in order that the onus of responsibility may be distributed, so that it will become more difficult to criticize anybody in particular if the prosecution fails or is withdrawn or for any other reason attracts public resentment.

Again there is the special case of the Communists. A committee of the House of Commons reported a few weeks ago in favor of cancelling the ban of illegality on their organizations. The Dominion Government gave no opportunity for this report to be acted upon by Parliament, and the Minister of Justice and his brother Minister who presided over the committee have both pronounced strongly against the cancellation. Mr. Conant may very well feel that in these circumstances he is not anxious to have his province accept much responsibility for prosecutions under this section of the Regulations, seeing that there is no need for it to do so and the Dominion Gov-

TO WINSTON CHURCHILL

THIS man of oak, this son of blended breed,
This soul that holds an empire in its round,
This will defensive of fair freedom's creed,
This heart that draws from out the deep profound.
This vital flame, this passion incarnate
Caught from the central Fire, this chosen ore,
This iron, edged to quell the hordes of hate,
This rugged mind, this mighty counsellor.

Churchill, these years were lean had you not fed

A logging nation in its hungry need;
These years were lean had you not bravely led
Through tears and toil, and taught men how to bleed.

Britannia knows, and all her serried host,
How you have given to your uttermost.

J. E. WARD.

ernment is perfectly capable of enforcing the Regulations, in the Quebec sense or the Ontario sense, so far as the courts hold them to be valid and applicable.

Mr. Conant will not, we fancy, be accused of any excessive affection for the Left, and his present position must be a source of considerable amusement to his former fellow-Oshawans, Mr. Millard. But he has had the benefit of two years of practical experience of the effect of D.C.R. prosecutions both in the courts and on general public opinion, and experience of that kind is exactly what the Dominion Minister of Justice lacks. If the Minister can manage to read between the lines of Mr. Conant's epistle, as we have had to, it may give him some very useful suggestions.

Public Housing

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish an article by Mr. P. C. Armstrong in which he strongly criticizes the policy of Public Housing advocated by Dr. Faludi in our two preceding issues, on the ground that it is Socialism. Part of the function of SATURDAY NIGHT is to furnish a vehicle for the presentation of well-considered views on all topics of current interest, and Mr. Armstrong's view is certainly the one which has prevailed almost universally in the actual practice of Canadian governments up to the present time. We should not like our readers to conclude, however, that it is a view with which we are in entire concurrence, any more than we are in entire concurrence with everything enunciated by Dr. Faludi.

As to whether Public Housing is Socialism or not we are entirely indifferent. If it is Socialism, and to the extent to which it is Socialism, we already have quite a lot of Socialism in Canada. The electric power systems of many of the provinces are Socialism. The Canadian National Railways are Socialism. Above all, the educational systems of at least eight and probably nine of the provinces are pure Socialism, and if the reader will try the experiment of reading Mr. Armstrong's article with the term Public Education substituted for Public Housing he will find that practically every expression contained in it is just as valid. There are even those who maintain that the cost of Public Education is unduly enhanced, as that



THE OUTLOOK

of Public Housing may possibly be when we get it, by the demands of well-organized bodies of workers engaged in purveying the labor which is needed in connection with it.

Mr. Armstrong agrees with Dr. Faludi that the condition of much of the housing in Canada is scandalous. He agrees that "it should be dealt with courageously." The sole method for dealing with it which he admits as possible is "to permit private enterprise to function freely." The only existing obstacle to the free functioning of private enterprise which he mentions is the demands of the building trade unions. But even the correction of the wage levels of the building and builders-supply trades would not in his opinion meet the situation, because bad housing is really and fundamentally "an inevitable consequence of our total production of wealth being insufficient to provide what we consider a proper standard of living for all our people." All of which leaves us pretty uncertain as to how much of our bad housing Mr. Armstrong regards as really scandalous and how much as merely the "inevitable consequence" of an inevitable lack of productive power.

Now statistics on the actual extent of the productive power of the peoples of North America are obviously extremely difficult to obtain. But statistics of their production are not so difficult; and we know fairly well that between 1900 and 1929 that production did actually increase enormously, not merely in dollar value but in actual goods and services. (At the present moment it is probably higher than ever before, but unfortunately a large part of the goods and services are directed to no more useful purpose than that of killing Germans.) Under the free functioning of private enterprise, which really was not much interfered with before 1929, very little if any of that increased production took the form of increased housing facilities for the class of people who most need it. Mr. Armstrong argues that this is because they could not afford it or because they could afford it but wanted something else more. One or other of these reasons is undoubtedly correct; but the same would be true of education if it were not provided by the state instead of being left to the free choice of the individual purchaser.

In the case of education it has long been held that the state cannot afford to leave it to the free choice of the individual purchaser, but must pay for it for him, because the results of leaving it to free choice and unfettered free enterprise would leave too many citizens in a condition of dangerous ignorance. The argument for Public Housing is precisely the same. Bad housing is dangerous, not merely to the badly housed, but to the whole community, in precisely the same way as ignorance. In so far as ignorance can be eliminated by state education, we have eliminated it, and we are rather proud of the difference thus established between us and those communities in which education is left to the unfettered operation of free enterprise. We shall ultimately do much the same thing about housing. This aspiration is not exclusively held by Socialists. Mr. Armstrong should have heard the ideas about the

reconstruction period which were put before the Couchiching Conference last week by Mr. Guy Greer, Economist to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System of the United States. There is also our own Hon. Dr. Bruce, M.P. for Toronto Parkdale. We doubt very greatly whether Dr. Bruce is a Socialist, but he is a medical man with a very keen sense of the need of society for protection from the widespread evil consequences of the kind of housing which Mr. Armstrong calls scandalous, and a much greater faith than Mr. Armstrong has in the capacity of society to get itself that protection.

The Talisman

JENNIE LEE, M.P., has summed up the British people in two words, "collectively unafraid." She is too wise and too honest to say, or even to suggest, that the individual is unafraid. An Englishman is human, even when he's a color-sergeant. Kipling spotted him in action: "E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split." He looks at his men about him, with "their blue-white faces all tryin' hard to grin," and despite the fear they stick it out "through the charge that wins the day."

They have dominated their personal feelings by the power of the corps-spirit. That is exactly the state of the English and Scottish civilians, battered and almost crushed by failing walls, torn by bomb-splinters, blooded as no other generation of common people has been blooded within the memory of man.

Afraid? Of course they are; "their innards heaving" as Kipling puts it. But their pride is bigger than their fear, and their faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. It is the faith that my neighbor and I, clean-living and honest, are together bigger than the sum of us, that all my neighbors in the mass, good and evil, wise and foolish, are myself grown to giant-size, and in converse, that I am the Nation which no combination of devils can break. "Who dies if England live?"

"Collectively unafraid!" It's a talisman in war-time. Surely also it would be a talisman in peace if ever it could be tried. But when imminent danger is past we blunder about with this faction and that clique, with my patriotic Party and your revolutionary Cabal, with my personal wants and your furious greeds, with your pitiful religion and with my glorious creed, with your foolish factory and my noble industry, until we're a mass of unco-ordinated individuals using our freedom as a cloak of maliciousness and imagining enemies in every thicket.

Is Canada a nation? At Dieppe it is. On the seas it is. In the air it is. If ever an enemy strikes at our pretty homes and gardens it will be. We too, like our armed men, will be "collectively unafraid." But in peace-time, if past experience counts, we shall have a long way to go until the talisman of faith and trust in one another is tested in common use.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

SAYS "The Doe" concerning topis, toupees and tepees, celebrated by us in a recent rhyme: "The topi is the phantom of headgear; the toupee symbolizes the nothingness of head-hair and the tepee the nihility of fresh air. No hat, no hair, no air, no competition, no bets!" Gosh, perhaps we didn't write the thing!

PERILS OVERLOOKED

When a mosquito lights on silken hose
He slides,
Cracking his skull or bloodying his nose,
But to a plump bare leg with joy he goes,
And bides.

Within the Yonge Street car I saw today
Sad sights.
There was a lovely maid across the way,
Her legs were maculate, I grieve to say,
With bites.

I asked her why, She wrinkled up her nose
And begged
I would ignore the spots, forget her woes.
To win the war full gallantly she goes
Bare-legged.

Permanent retirement on pension is suggested for any speaker "laying broad and deep the foundations" of something-or-other.

He might be joined by a comrade saying "In the last analysis."

The next ninety days will be particularly sour, suggests The Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton. Where did he hear about our income tax?

Bennett Cerf of the *Saturday Review of Literature* intimates that Tojo, the Japanese Mussolini, "has Aleutians of grandeur." People have gone to jail for less than that.

HOUSECLEANING WORRIES

They have closed our pet Club. The old lair
Must refurbish its glories,
To the Albany we must repair
And lunch with the Tories.

Now there is a fate dark and stern.
Alas, and alack!
In a fortnight, no doubt, we'll return
With moss on our back.

Bright suggestion for preachers. Why not say that Hitler is "a challenge to our faith."

This challenging business is making the pulpit sound like a sports arena.

Says an Etiquette sharp of long ago: "Ladies when driving will invariably dispose the lap-robe in such manner that their extremities will be well covered from sight of the passer-by." Likewise, "To ride with one or both the feet hanging out of the buggy is the height of vulgarity, even for the sterner sex." Oh, piffle! Duncan McNaughton, who had a long black beard and wore a frock coat on Sundays, always had one foot hanging out, and there wasn't a vulgar bone in his body. But my children, that was long ago.

THE LAST LIMIT

NOTE: A tax of 25 percent has been imposed on shopping-bags.

This is "the most unkindest cut" of it!
Not that we buy no clothes for the duration;
Not that we have to tote the meagre ration
That's all the Budget-rigors will permit.

We'd shoulder anything to win this fight,
And yet our faith in those that rule is shaken

When they insist we lug along the bacon,
Then tax the shopping-bag. It isn't right!

K. T. T.

"Any intellectual worker," says a Health expert, "gets sharper images and a deeper wisdom as the years pass." From now on This Column ought to progress until it's a hummer. In order to watch the improvement, Now is the Time to Subscribe.



Second Lieutenant Pamela Harvey, administration, was a Victoria, B.C. stenographer before she joined.



Private Norah Wilson of Barrie, was a laboratory technician. Now she's an Army laboratory assistant.



Sergeant Sedie Delaney, a former silk inspector at a Cornwall, Ont., factory, is now listed as a clerk.



Private Isobel Smith of Ottawa, finds her experience as a stenographer in demand in the C.W.A.C.



Private Margie Macfarlane of Calgary, was a librarian prior to enlistment. Her present job is cable clerk.



Staff Sergeant Edith Newell comes from Saskatoon where she was a secretary. She continues in this work.



Up to their knees in duffel, C.W.A.C. girls move into their new barracks at Halifax.



Capt. Madelaine St. Laurent, O.C. "G" Co., swears in two recruits.



Girl mechanics go down in the grease pit to overhaul an army truck.



Private Amy Brownlee of Ottawa receives a message over the radio.



Now a lieutenant, Marjorie Brown has driven heavy vehicles in convoy.

She's In The

By Bernice Coffey

IN THIS war Sister Susie isn't staying home and knitting socks for soldiers. Sister Susie is a soldier. She has proved her worth so thoroughly as part of the Canadian Women's Army Corps that the Army wants thousands more like her to release men for other duties. Present strength of the Corps is approximately 4,000 all across Canada, and now accommodation and training facilities are in readiness for a thousand recruits a month.

The recruit is despatched to one of the two C.W.A.C. Training Centres in Canada at St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., or at Vermilion, Alta. There she is uniformed and equipped, learns to address her superior officers as "Ma'am," and enough drill to teach her to march and be smart. She also learns first aid, map reading and fundamental training. After she has completed her basic training she is posted to a District for duty. A driver, for instance, posted for duty with the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps or Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps is given advanced training as an Army driver in convoy work, maintenance of vehicles, learns to make her daily reports and at the end of thirty days, if suitable, she is considered on the establishment of that unit.

If from civilian life she brings talents or experience that fit her for certain duties she probably will be placed where these ready-made qualifications will be used. Lacking these, she may commence training in such "skilled tradesmen's" work as wireless operator, mechanic, X-ray and laboratory technician, night vision tester, chemistry and medical stores. At Ottawa, for instance, the girls in khaki are to be found in an enormous warehouse filled to the rafters with bales and boxes of clothing destined for the Army here and overseas, which they help check and ship to where it is needed. In another building they are filling bottles and sending out orders for

Army Now

Canadian Army Photographs

medical supplies. They drive cars and trucks, are to be found bending over X-ray plates in laboratories, working as secretaries and stenographers and in numerous other capacities—anywhere it is possible for a woman to release a man for other duties.

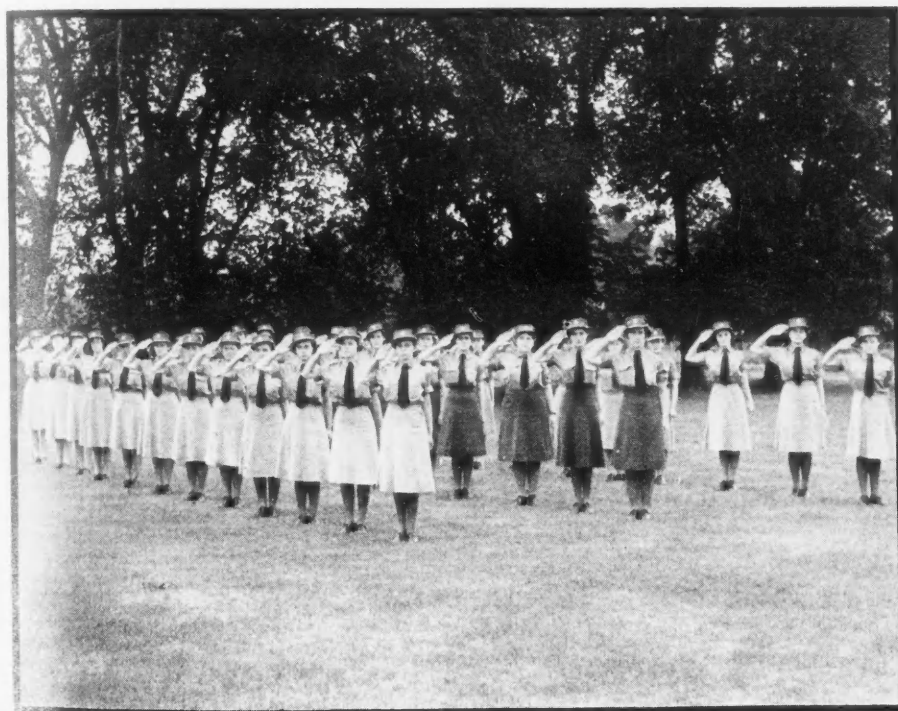
And what of the girl? She may be anywhere between 18 to 45. She's a British subject, of course, and not lower than Category "B" in physical fitness. Her pay is approximately two-thirds that of a corresponding rank of male officers and soldiers, but at present no provision is made for allowances to any dependents she may have. Promotions are made from the ranks in the C.W.A.C., except in the case of those made during the formation of the Corps. When she's posted for duty with an Army unit where she replaces a man N.C.O., and proves satisfactory, she is granted the rank of the N.C.O. she replaces. If she lives in barracks (two-thirds of them do) she shares a room or cubicle with from four to eight other girls, sleeps in a double-decker iron cot, lays her kit out for daily inspection. If she's an officer she has a room of her own and shares the services of a batwoman. She draws the same rations as the man in the Army, eats only about half the starchy foods he does but the same amount of meat. Fashion authorities consider her one of the most smartly turned out women in any of the services anywhere.

The greater part of the Corps is stationed throughout Canada, although some are serving at the Canadian Legation in Washington and at other points in the United States. Recently an officer of the Corps arrived in England, and she may be the first of a future C.W.A.C. overseas.

Most of them will remain in Canada, but the wish closest to the girls' hearts is indicated by the popularity of ouija boards in their canteens where the most frequently asked question is, "Ouija, will I go overseas?"



Staff-Sergeant Frances B. Salter operates Halifax military hospital X-ray apparatus.



Precision drill is one of the things recruits learn at training centres.



They man the typewriters. Girls with stenographic experience are in demand.



All aboard for Washington—where these Winnipeg girls will serve as typists.



An Army romance—C.W.A.C. L-Cpl. Waddell marries R.C.A.S.C. L-Cpl. Johnston.



Staff-Sergeant Marjorie Evis, typist, was with the Red Cross, Toronto, before she joined the C.W.A.C.



Corporal Olive Chilton's experience as a bookkeeper in Vancouver now stands her in stead as pay clerk.



Private Ruby Sproule, clerk, calls Winnipeg "home". There she earned her living in occupation of tailress.



Corporal Norma Kane also comes from Winnipeg where she was a teacher. She's serving as an Army clerk.



Private Norma Hiam hails from Winnipeg. Stenographer now, a civil servant before she wore khaki.



Staff-Sergeant Marjorie Denton of Montreal serves as an X-ray technician, her occupation when a civilian.

The Old Nobility Goes to Meet the New Nobility

BY HENRY PETERSON

SO the two mighty old war horses have at last looked each other in the eye, the two mighty old war horses of freedom, after neighing and champing at each other across a Continent, nay, across the world, for twenty years. One was born to freedom under the wing of Magna Charta. The other had to win freedom from out of the shadows of feudal serfdom.

This meeting between Churchill and Stalin in the midst of the only revolution that has ever embraced the whole of mankind, is the most fateful individual event that has ever taken place in the saga of humanity.

It can transcend even the giving of Roman Law and Magna Charta to the Western world and even the establishment of democracy in China twenty-one centuries ago, since each of these millennial-stones of human sanity affected only local areas of the world. Stalin and Churchill have it in their power to lay the foundations of a new world for the whole of mankind, and a world of sanity must be built by us of this generation or civilization perishes this very century.

Their discussions, naturally, fell under two heads: the problems of the war, and the problems after the war. Elastic plans to allow for the most effective timing of the second front no doubt followed an exchange of military information on the strength and weaknesses of their respective countries in relation to the offensive and defensive power of the Axis. But it is unprofitable to speculate on these military problems, if only because we have no real knowledge of facts and figures, and of the vital intangibles obtaining today.

The problems of peace, however, which so greatly influence the morale of the fighting forces of the United Nations, are everyone's concern. These fall into two main kinds: social and racial.

On the surface, high hopes for the future seem airy indeed from the meeting of the two very embodiments of the Old World and the New, of

In the midst of the only revolution, says Mr. Peterson, that has ever embraced the whole of mankind, the two mighty war horses of freedom, Churchill and Stalin, meet, and it is the most fateful individual event that has ever taken place in the saga of humanity.

The military decisions arrived at are beyond our ken, except the certainty that elastic plans were made for the timing of the second front.

But we can guess that the principle of the equality of races was arrived at, and Mr. Peterson believes that out of the equal prestige won by Britain, Russia and China when victory comes, the equality of races will become practical politics in the Old World, which embraces six out of seven of the earth's inhabitants, so peace will be assured.

these very embodiments of the once uncompromising extremes on social and racial concepts.

In social matters one desires the remnants of the feudal system to be preserved by adaptation to new conditions. The other has destroyed all traces of the feudal system in order to create a State in which there shall be the even reward of merit to all in the land. While in racial matters one believed in the "white man's burden," the other thought that self-imposed duty a hypocritical pretension.

Common Denominator

Can a common denominator for human rights be struck out of the impact of two such men? Yet we know that the meeting was "comradely" from the lips of the stubborn old English Tory himself, born with a silver spoon in his golden mouth. The word rings true as his blood and toil speech, for it was inevitable that two men as true to themselves, as true to their experience and convictions, as Churchill and Stalin should make friends instantly. Yet actual comradeship was made possible only by what appears an anomaly—social ideology.

Russia has arrived sooner at the even reward of merit to all, yet that is the ultimate aim of British democracy (and, all said and done, it has

not been so backward in this for a couple of generations), since the British are intense individualists, but, loving sound traditions as well, they prefer to achieve this aim step by step and not by decree.

But in their search for a common denominator for racial rights, we can be sure that words were not minced by these two men of giant minds, granite character and simple honesty, so out of their meeting passionate partisans of freedom, not only in Russia and Britain but in an ever-widening circle of nations, too long now antagonistic one to another through narrow national conceit, can have faith that all the United Nations will come out of this war marching in the same direction, though necessarily at different paces and by different roads.

Racial Obstacles?

Mean and cretinous suspicions need no longer manufacture obstacles to block the path of human progress, for the fraternity of man will at last be seen to be no longer a poet's dream but practical politics on the vastest land mass on earth, in the Old World stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic, holding in its rich and ancient embrace six out of seven human beings on this planet.

Yet racial obstacles to future peace require closer examination. The only danger to world peace after victory is any lingering assumption by the Occidental that he is by divine right superior to the Oriental. Stalin must, naturally, have advanced this view without equivocation, for he can only start political negotiations on the basis of complete equality of all races, since in his realm there are 154 nationalities, where a slant-eyed, bow-legged, brown-faced little Buriat Mongol is in theory and in fact no way the inferior of a six-foot blue-eyed, fair-haired Muscovite. Either may be over the other in a government bureau or in a military unit from Leningrad to Vladivostok. Being a Georgian, Stalin himself, after all, is an Asiatic.

And let us not forget the strength of Stalin's position in the Moscow negotiations. It is true that the British Empire covers a quarter of the

earth's land surface no less than the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but whereas Churchill actually rules over only the 46,000,000 in the United Kingdom, Stalin rules over the whole Soviet population of 190,000,000 from the Baltic to the Pacific.

And behind him in this matter of racial equality are China's calm, confident and uncompromising five hundred millions, which will grow proportionately more numerous as the decades go by, who have begun another of their great cycles, which started with the Shang, 3,500 years ago, and were followed by the Chou, the Han, the T'ang, the Sung, the Ming and even the early Ching, each stupendous not alone in the achievements of peace but of war, and being continuous and truly stupendous can match those of the rest of the world put together. Let us broaden our horizon, for we cannot afford to blunder any more through basic ignorance of other peoples.

Racial Equality

And there are some 400,000,000 Indians in this world. When they are willing to let common sense override resentment, there is an equal place in a grown-up world assured them, but they can take no part in a grown-up world if they refuse to play their part in one. To every other Asiatic nation does this also apply. If they are wise they will realize that Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek cannot be gainsaid today, nor tomorrow, and so they need not fear to show good temper for the winning of this war, for an Axis victory will take the smile out of even children's faces, not alone European and American, but Asiatic too.

Let all Asiatics who still feel resentment, or who even still suffer under out-moded habits of imperialism, be patient and have confidence that they will not be given a raw deal. Revolutions don't bear fruit in a day, and at Moscow the other day a revolution took place that will in good time topple over the pale and repulsive imitation of Hitler's Nordic superman that still lingers in the innermost heart of adult adolescents in the Western democracies, and which, quite apart from endangering future peace, has, in this very war, so grievously weakened the fight for freedom, nay for life itself, of the United Nations, first, through emotional sympathy for Nazi ideology, secondly, through underrating the Japanese and, thirdly, by gratuitously creating fifth columnists in Malaya, Burma and India, not to mention trying the patience of the nation but for whose truly superior conduct for five years, the Chinese, *finis* might by now have been written to the Western democracies, for if China had not held Japan down by one leg in Western democracy's blackest hour, in June 1940, Japan would certainly have struck when Mussolini did.

How fortunate for future peace is

the circumstance that Stalin cannot compromise, since, three out of four inhabitants of the Old World being Asiatics and desperately poor, imperialistic exploitation of "interior" peoples by right of the machine gun or the meal ticket, whether by Germans, Japanese, Italian Fascists or by anybody else, must now find a place for itself in the graveyard of past human follies next to the claims once made for the benefits of slavery.

Let the Nordic superman now quiescent amongst us reflect on the buried fact that not five centuries ago the conquering Portuguese, in their great slave hunts on the high seas, prized Englishmen most of all, since they were so sturdy of limb. And less than a century ago all foreign envoys, naturally those from Europe and America included, had to kowtow to the Emperor of China if they wanted an audience, to carry out a tradition which had "always" obtained at the Chinese Court.

Prestige is not a thing conferred by racial right. It is something that must be won and then sustained by merit. Hence the high prestige of England from the days of the great Marlborough until Baldwin and Chamberlain trampled it in the mud, but let no one who calls himself realistic be blind to the bright star that has risen to the highest zenith in mankind's firmament in the last two years. It is the star of England, risen again in the watch of Marlborough's earth-shaking scion, Winston Spencer Churchill. It is not difficult to understand why the Chinese, who too cherish ancient traditions and know their power, had confidence in England even in her blackest hour, perhaps the only people who did.

Details to consummate the brotherhood of man, and several of them are of some magnitude, must wait until peace has been won by the United Nations. This comradely meeting between Stalin and Churchill has at least cleared the deck for the mounting of basic principles of human justice. That is all we can have today, before we win victory.

Yet can hope not stir in human hearts that when that day comes the prestige of the triple Atlases of Old World peace—Britain, Russia and China—will be equally high in the sight of all men of good will from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Equal in noble conduct, their peoples will have no cause but to respect one another, and gladly will they then find equality.

NOTICE

RE PAYMENT OF INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS

Tax Deduction at the Source

In accordance with the provisions of Section 92 of the Income War Tax Act, deduction at the source at the rate of 7% must be made from any amount liable to be paid on or after 1st September, 1942, to an individual resident of Canada (other than to a person described in sub-section 12 of the said Section) representing—

1. Interest on a fully registered bond, debenture or other similar obligation.
2. Dividend in respect of any share of stock.

The full amount so deducted must be remitted to the Inspector of Income Tax within one week from the interest or dividend due date.

Remittance Forms TD-2, to be used when remitting amounts deducted at source, may be obtained from any Inspector of Income Tax.

There are penalties for failure to deduct or remit.



Dominion of Canada—Department of National Revenue

INCOME TAX DIVISION

HON. COLIN GIBSON,
Minister of National Revenue

C. FRASER ELLIOTT,
Commissioner of Income Tax



In training for another "Dieppe"? Canadian troops at Camp Borden go through a gruelling obstacle course of which this 10-foot leap is but a phase in the whole "toughening process" of creating assault forces.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

The Budget is Still Being Amended

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

TWO months back, when everybody around these parts, and especially the whole Mackenzie King Government, was in the doghouse over conscription, and when Mr. Isley chose that particular time out of the nearly seven months of the parliamentary session to deliver a Budget of almost unbelievable severity, we suspected him of the ulterior purpose of distracting the public's attention from its displeasure with the Government over conscription by giving it so much to worry about in taxation. On the strength of that suspicion we were a little inclined in this space to sing his praises mildly and to dwell on the virtues of his Budget and turn a blind eye to its evils or seeming defects. It is time we confessed that we have been regretting a too impulsive attitude ever since.

Of course we took it for granted at the time that many of the inequities and some of the ferocities of the Budget would be modified in the ordinary course of post-delivery amendment. In that we were wrong. True, some modifications were hastily made (notably those in connection with the incomes of married women, deductions from forced savings for insurance, the stamp tax collection process for the sumptuary imposts) but it was all too apparent that they were not made out of conscientious concern for the inequities and ferocities involved but because even the Budget makers awoke to the fact that the evil effects which would have followed the original provisions were too great to be supported by the national interest.

For the rest, the amending process which proceeded for a month after the Budget was delivered tended in the main and with amazing persistence and intolerance to confirm and even to intensify provisions which reasonable men in the House of Commons, performing their duty of passing upon the legislation, protested as excessive or otherwise objectionable and which appeared in a similar light to impartial observers on the outside.

We referred just now to our expectation of modification in the ordinary course of post-delivery amendment. The course of amendment did not turn out to be ordinary. It could not have been. A Budget delivered after such an inordinate lack of preparation required extraordinary measures and methods of amendment. Some of these were seen in the weeks following the successful distraction of public attention from the Government's low estate on conscription. One after another entire budget bills had to be withdrawn and replaced by new bills. Simple amendments would have left the original bills looking like patchwork quilts. And even in the new bills Mr. Isley was making last-minute changes almost up to the hour of adjournment.

It's Still Going On

Writing of Parliament as it adjourned, we hinted that even the amendment might not terminate the Budget-amending process. In that we happened to be right. Believe it or not, that Budget is still being amended. Under the War Measures Act legislation can always be amended by order-in-council of course. But there is a handier method for fiscal legislation. The effect of provisions of such legislation can be established by the easy and very arbitrary method of departmental rulings. That process is going on now to an unprecedented extent. It has to go on, because otherwise this extraordinary Budget could never become operative.

And the point we have been coming to is that in this post-session adjustment of the Budget the attitude of the Budget makers and the effect of their rulings perpetuate and aggravate the single-track direction of their original and intermediate approach. The general character of the rulings which finally determine the impact of the legislation on the citizens, corporate or individual, tends towards broadening, if anything, the severity of questionable provisions. Certainly there is little if any softening of the blow for those who, owing to peculiar circumstances, are being hit even harder than the mass of their fellow citizens.

Application of the legislation to insurance is the subject alone of some ten pages of rulings and interpretations, and some indication of their nature is provided by one ruling. Most people are careful about preserving the savings represented by their life insurance and manage to keep them intact, but many are not always able to do so and this inability was unfortunately aggravated by the economic conditions prevailing in the not very distant past. Now, the citizen who has been compelled by circumstances to draw on his life's savings through a loan on his insurance policy is going to find, when he goes about arranging for installment paying of his taxes by deduction at the source or otherwise, that he is to be pretty well deprived of any benefit under Mr. Isley's provision for voluntary savings in the form of insurance premiums as a credit against the so-called forced savings imposed by the Budget.

If the loan against his policy stands at more than the amount of his annual policy premium (and a large number of loans must be larger) he is not to be allowed to credit his premium payment as a voluntary saving against the compulsory savings portion of his income tax. There may be some reason in over-all equity for such a decision but whatever it is will not give any immediate relief to the man or woman who has to pay that much more to Mr. Isley now because conditions of a few years ago compelled premature use of life insurance savings.

Weightier Worries

But Mr. Isley has weightier worries in some of the reactions now coming from his Budget than any concern he could possibly have about special hardships on individuals. One of these reactions has provided Ottawa with its principal headache over the past week. Warnings have been coming from war plants and other places of indications of a mounting and widening wave of misunderstanding and resulting displeasure on the part of worker elements at the prospect of having wage payments reduced at the hands of employers by the amounts the Budget requires in deductions at the source for income tax.

We do not know just what evidence there has been of worker attitude in the matter, and we are inclined to suspect that some employer elements have been unduly distrustful of labor once again and have raised an alarm out of proportion to the cause, but it has been sufficient to keep ministers and high officials later than usual in their offices of nights and to have hurried them into the organization of preventive measures on a considerable scale.

What is or has been feared, apparently, is that workers, on finding their pay envelopes lighter by the amount of the first regular deduction for income tax, would make demonstration of displeasure sufficient to interfere temporarily with the war effort demonstration in the nature, perhaps, of a growth of absenteeism said to be already mildly troublesome in some war industry areas.

At any rate, Ottawa got the wind up and steps now are being taken, which perhaps might well have been taken earlier, to satisfy worker elements as to the reasons for the tax deductions at the source, to show them that in installment paying of the tax they are in the same boat with everybody else including their employers, and above all to make it clear to them that their employers have nothing to do with the deductions except to obey the law and the orders of the Government. Mr. Isley, his tax-collecting colleague Mr. Gibson, and other ministers are going into the main war industry areas to talk to workers, bundles of explanatory literature are being or will be shipped out for distribution in pay envelopes and otherwise, and appeals to the understanding of workers will be made through the press and the radio. Through such measures, it is hoped, all will be made well.

opes and otherwise, and appeals to the understanding of workers will be made through the press and the radio. Through such measures, it is hoped, all will be made well.

The Special Pleader

Sectionalists and representatives of special interests get so nervous and suspicious when matters touching their special interests are discussed in public! Having established their special case to their own satisfaction they tend to get themselves all lathered up in their concern to keep it from becoming unestablished. Except that it makes them a little difficult to live with this chronic state of discomfort on their part perhaps does no great harm, but what is troublesome about the special pleader is his proneness to suspect everybody else of being a special pleader against him. That, we are quite sure, is all that ails our fine fellow-townsmen, Mr. Haskins, Secretary of Canadian Federation of Agriculture, in his letter to SATURDAY NIGHT last week.

We thought a couple of weeks back that the relationship between the then impending increase in the wage bonus and the old Gardiner-Gordon dispute on the cattle-beef situation in respect of the price ceiling was worth the telling. That was our only interest in telling it in a special item in this paper. We were not contending anything against the interests of the farmer and as for ourselves we'll be very willing to pay a little more for our beef any time he can jack up (with or without the aid of Mr. Gardiner) the price he gets for his cattle.

Indeed we find in a decision from Mr. Gordon's Board reaching us as we write that we'll probably be doing just that again before very long.

For it turns out that the victory for the farmer is a snow-ball sort of victory. As a result of the outcome of the Gardiner-Gordon cleavage wholesale beef price ceilings were fixed in relation to export prices for cattle. But these export prices applied only to the volume of cattle that could be sent into the U.S. under the quarterly quota. Domestic prices, the assumption would be, would prevail for cattle which could not escape under the quota. Now, however, it has been decided to establish a "floor" for all beef cattle prices, and this floor is a price equivalent to wholesale prices established by the Gordon Board in relation to export cattle prices. Any time cattle prices show a tendency to slip below the floor—as they very naturally might with the quota filled—War-time Food Corporation, Gordon Board agent, will step into the market and buy cattle for the purpose of keeping the price up.

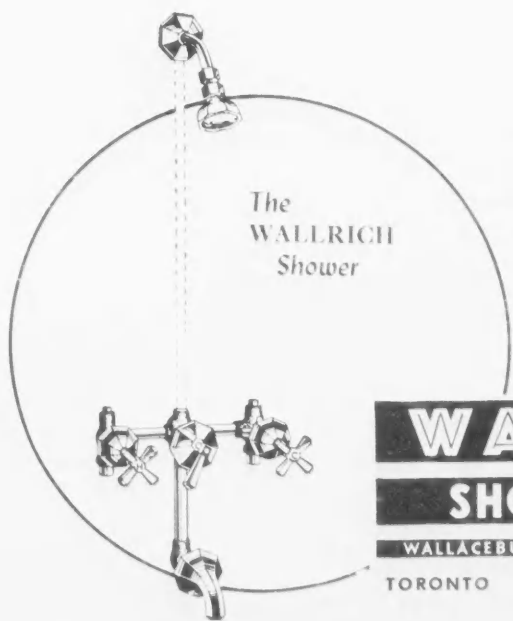
The point we brought out in the special item about the relationship between the increased wage bonus and cattle policy was confirmed, we think, rather than impaired by Mr. Haskins' amiable letter, but we are sure he will feel amply compensated by the news about a "floor" for cattle prices.

Our Own SHELL GAME



The Nazi gyp artist and his skills arranged the set-up and called the play—and now his once sallow face is red all the time because we've decided to play for keeps. Shadows are dimming his dream of conquest—shadows cast from the mounting mountains of tanks and planes and guns that will seal the doom of the corporal who changed his name, but can't change his spots. Send him a shell of your own—by extra care in salvaging waste, no

matter how little—by converting luxury money into war savings certificates—by serving Canada in the hundred and one ways within the reach of everybody. Little things do count. Look at the sands of the sea—one grain is infinitesimal, but add enough and you founder a battleship. Let's all add up a host of little things to put Hitler's pride below the waves.



In normal time we make showers, faucets and other plumbing fixtures. Now our production is almost all devoted to Canada's war needs, as is that of our competitors, more power to them. You will help by keeping your plumbing equipment in repair. It is so simple to install a washer or make adjustments to give an appliance longer life—thus letting your country have the valuable metal that would have gone into a new faucet or shower for your use.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Will Chemists Soon Create Life?

WE have all heard of "organic" chemicals. And no wonder. Plastics, rayon, cellophane, sulfa drugs and countless modern marvels stem from the organic division of chemistry. Yet some grandfathers can remember when it was blasphemy to say that man ever could make those substances which are found in plants and animals the organic molecules. Life, and the products of life, were held to be beyond mortal investigation.

Then Wohler made urea, a waste product of living cells. He synthesised urea in a test-tube, from dead inorganic chemicals. Some philosophers were stunned and outraged. But soon organic chemistry revolutionised civilization.

In the very near future it may be necessary to change in a drastic way the whole conception of life and its creation. Science is knocking at the innermost secret door of life itself, and soon we may be manufacturing living cells as easily as we now make artificial silk!

Already certain animal eggs and plant seeds can be fertilized by chemical means, thus creating new generations. Now we are face to face with the startling possibility of actually creating original cells that live and grow . . . duplicating the physical-chemical processes that "created" life ages ago on this planet.

Has a single living cell yet been made? No. This leads mystic minds to quote with a thrill the late Duke of Argyll: "Science has cast no light on the ultimate nature of life". That is no longer true. Biologists, physicists and chemists really have the spotlight on the ultimate nature of life. Here, in condensed form, are some communiques from this laboratory front.

Older "mechanical" theories of life have all been abandoned. Thus, the life process is not simply a matter of heat intake and output because the cells live best at almost constant temperature. Life cannot be electrical because cells are active at almost constant voltage. Nor can life be chemical because it goes on and multiplies at the chemical "zero" point called neutrality. Then what is it?

BY DYSON CARTER

Dr. Alfred Lartigue sponsors the vortex theory. Every living cell has for a core a whirlpool that sweeps matter along in its train until it becomes mysteriously energised. Prof. Ritchie, eminent British zoologist, labels this pure speculation.

Lakhovsky's view is more fascinating and probable. According to this a living cell is an electro-magnetic resonator—receiving and broadcasting radio waves of extremely high frequency. Lately much evidence has been gathered to support the notion that human bodies as well as individual cells are constantly "on the air". However, the radio theory of life has not aided the search for artificial creation of living things.

A Kind of Activity

Ideas advanced by Sir D'Arcy Thompson during the Great War have been most fruitful in giving research leads. Life is not only a combination of chemicals and various forms of energy. Life is a unique kind of activity. Prominent activator is the enzyme, a substance that increases enormously the speed of reactions in the living cell. Without enzymes a cell would die waiting for food and oxygen to become chemically absorbed. Our own bodies make use of food chemicals hundreds of times faster than any known chemical processes. So it seems that enzymes are among the principal secrets of life. Perhaps creating life is simply a question of making enzymes by laboratory synthesis. This will not be too difficult. An enzyme is a complicated "catalyst", and catalysts are very familiar in industry as speeder-uppers of sluggish reactions.

But cells, like human beings, do not live alone. There is the inescapable environment. Some physical-chemists consider life to be a question of adjustment or tensions between the cell and its surroundings. This is far less improbable than it sounds. The living cell is separated from its environment by a remarkable wall or membrane. Chemicals pass

through this wall in both directions. At one time scientists believed that the cell membrane acted exactly the same as a non-living (parchment) membrane. Work in the last couple of years has disproved this. We know now that living membranes have extraordinary powers. They can "sort out" certain food chemicals. They can produce infinitely thin layers of certain foods. They can keep acid and basic (opposite) chemicals together, something no laboratory device ever did.

Still, science is probing these membrane wonders. It is not unreasonable to regard the secret of life as nothing more than a peculiar cell film, working in conjunction with certain enzymes in the cell, and perhaps energized by radio waves of definite frequency. It is unreasonable to suppose that there is a life "mystery" which cannot be explained.

If science had available for research on life the money that is spent on a single battleship, we would probably be able to create living cells within the next five years. In fact the problem of making a live cell out of dead materials is less baffling to science now than, for example, was the dream of making beautiful organic cloth out of coal, water and limestone . . . if such a dream could have been conceived by man's mind 75 years ago.

Even if life is created in laboratories it will never be commonplace. Life is not an accident in the universe, a molecular happening. Science is just beginning to appreciate what Charles Darwin first proved. Living things totally change the world in which they exist. Once it was thought—when science studied dead things only—that everything was breaking down. As rocks crumbled into dust, so the energy of the universe was slowly petering out. Not on our earth since life arrived! Life was the greatest event since time began.

Creation

Life builds up ever more complex forms from simple stuff, and it produces gigantic stores of energy in the form of coal and oil. It has stopped the earth's energy clock from running down and is even winding it up again. All theories about the end of the universe, based on purely physical factors, must be revised when life is taken into account.

Research into the fundamentals of life raises a question of tremendous interest. If it requires all the resources of modern science, plus more still to come, to solve the secret of creation, then how are we to explain the very first appearance of life on earth? Who, in what Laboratory, made the first pulsing cell? Which cell?

Popular articles to the contrary, viruses are not the "missing links" between dead molecules and living cells. Viruses are parasites that can exist only with living things. Hence they were not first in the Garden of Eden. Nor were simple green plants the original things, because chlorophyll, the green coloring stuff, is very complicated. Even bacteria must have had ancestors. In some elaborate membrane, that one day began to fight against its environment, the First Cell took shape.

This begs the question. Who created that Cell? Surely the dead world could not bring into being anything alive.

But that is just what happened. So says Dr. A. L. Herrera, of the Institute of Plasmogeny in Mexico City. The doctor claims that living organisms were produced by chemical-physical action in the days of the earth's infancy. More, he believes that such creation is going on right now, in volcanoes!

Forty-three years of research have enabled Herrera to produce many thousands of microscopic cells which are apparently exact duplicates of known bacteria and plants, but which are obtained solely by the action of



A new instrument, said to discover and correct a recently discovered eye-ailment which produces a difference in the size and shape of the ocular image, has been developed by the American Optical Company. The defect has been the occasional cause of traffic and flying accidents.

chemicals. True, these cells are all dead. But it is possible that they were alive at the instant of their formation. In fact, after having examined these specimens, after having produced them oneself (as the writer has done), it is impossible to believe that they were not for a time living. Dr. Herrera has found starch and amino-acids in these "created" cells, although he uses only formaldehyde and ammonium thiocyanate in their preparation, two dead chemicals. And by using other chemicals it is possible to achieve lively amoeboid movement, intracellular streaming, and the remarkable cell-division process known as fission.

Herrera's theory is that elementary forms of life are produced by the action of vaporised sulfur, cyanides and ammonia. All these gases are present in the emanations from vol-

canoes. What can be done on a microscope slide in the laboratory can possibly be done much more efficiently, on a vast scale, in live volcanoes. In other words, creation may be in full swing on every seething mountain peak.

The Mexican researcher may be wrong. But he is the most daring and most persistent "plasmogenist" in the world today. He may prove to be a pioneer in the most sensational development science has yet made. Until the war is won and the world made safe for human life Dr. Herrera may have to postpone his planned expedition to Popocatepetl—where he hopes to find evidence of living Eden, on a microscopic scale.

Eventually a chemist will create life, just as Wohler created urea. It is only a matter of time. No organised effort has yet been made.



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A statement by Ford of Canada's President, Wallace R. Campbell

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Public Housing Is Not Science, Only Socialism

BY P. C. ARMSTRONG

DR. E. G. FALUDI'S article "Housing is Science" restates some facts which have often been set forth. Too many Canadian families live in obsolete and dilapidated houses; many of these houses are breeding-grounds for disease; when assembled in slums, they become centres of vice and social evils; private landlords cannot provide alternative housing of a proper type—because this would not be a good investment; something should be done about it.

These are facts. They constitute a grave scandal—a serious reflection on the right of the Canadian people to assert that they have used their great heritage as they should have.

Unfortunately, Dr. Faludi then goes on to state the fallacious and illogical conclusion which so many well-meaning people draw from these admitted premises—and argues that we must undertake the provision of better housing—better than the tenants can afford—as a normal activity of the state.

The commonest reason for human beings living in unsuitable housing is poverty. Poverty has many causes—errors in our social and economic system, or, more commonly, errors in its functioning; ignorance; vice; ill-health and other forms of misfortune.

In addition, a large proportion of those who live in improper and insanitary houses do so from choice—the result of ignorance, lack of ambition and miserly greed.

It is difficult to imagine any formula which would successfully and satisfactorily define the duty of the state, in respect of housing, to all these varying types of citizens.

Cause of Human Ills?

Next, there is the very important question of whether bad housing conditions are a cause of human ills, to the same extent as they are a result. Dr. Seraphin Boucher once stated that slums are produced by slum-dwellers, not slum-dwellers by slums, and it seems certain that this is generally true. Were all the people living in any slum in Toronto to be moved to Forest Hill Village, without any other change in their conditions, and all the people in Forest Hill moved into the slum, it may be taken as certain that, within a short time, Forest Hill would be a slum, and the former slum a fine residential district.

Indeed, as Dr. Faludi probably knows, even such "advanced" think-

Public Housing is Socialism, says Mr. Armstrong, and anyhow many who live in slums do so from choice, and would make a slum of a high-grade area if they were allowed into it.

The excessive cost of housing is largely due, says Mr. Armstrong, to the high cost of housebuilding labor, and he seems to have something there.

And the farmer badly needs better housing, too, as well as the city dweller.

ers as Mr. J. B. Priestly and the PEP group have admitted that a grave problem arises from the fact that death rates have frequently risen among groups of families moved from slums to garden suburbs in Britain.

It would seem then that slum conditions result from the misfortunes and mistakes of slum-dwellers more often than the other way about, and that should lead us to consider, very carefully, whether we can cure slum conditions by merely building better houses. It seems logical to suggest that we should rather consider how to remove the causes which make individuals and families unable or unwilling to provide themselves with housing of better than slum types.

Capital's Function

No one has as yet suggested that private enterprise would be unable or unwilling, in peace time, to provide all the good housing for which a profitable market exists.

The typical answer to this simple statement of an obvious truth, not given by Dr. Faludi, but implied in his suggestion that the state must step in and provide housing, since private landlords cannot, is that the real stumbling block is the inability, or unwillingness, of profit-minded private capital to meet conditions which the state can handle successfully—but that is merely a restatement of the often exploded, but perennially resurrected, basic fallacy of Socialism. Actually, houses are not built by "capitalists" as investors. These entrepreneurs merely lend money, or risk money. The only "capital" which is employed in the building of houses is the equipment and plant of contractors, the tools of workmen, the factories, mines and forests which produce building materials. In some special cases—as with forests granted by the state to private owners—this capital could be

used by the community, without any return to the owner of it, without producing grave economic and social disturbances. Most of this capital however, represents savings from the past, and cannot be used without a return to the owner, without completely upsetting our economic system.

The Socialist always expresses complete willingness to accept this necessity—usually without any realistic consideration of the results, but the Socialist is the first to refuse to face the more important fact—which is that by far the greatest ingredient in house building is current expenditure of labor.

If, as is unfortunately only too true, a great many Canadians are living in houses far below the standards of quality which should prevail in this wealthy democracy, because they cannot afford proper housing, the difficulty can only be that the labor employed in preparing the materials and using them, for the building of better housing, costs too much for tenants to be able to pay for it.

It does not follow that this labor must reduce its wages, in order to solve the dilemma. That might be necessary. Another solution might be found in increasing the incomes of the tenants of slum housing. Even a complete abolition of all profits in connection with house construction would not be enough to bridge the gap—for current labor, in the production of materials and in the actual work of construction, absorbs at least ninety per cent of house building costs.

The Socialist fallacy is to assert that "capital"—seeking too high profits, is the cause of all poverty. In the case of house-building, were "capital" to have no profit at all, or to be entirely owned by the state, the cost of labor would still make it impossible to provide houses, of the standard which even the most modest housing reformers would consider adequate, at such costs that a great proportion of the families in Canada would be able to pay a fair rent for them.

Burden Taxpayers

In such a case, to transfer the burden of providing housing from the private investor to the state would merely be to force the state either to order a reduction of wages for labor used in house-building, or to provide a large volume of housing below cost—i.e., by taxing the production and commerce of the whole nation. Extend the same principle to the provision of other basic necessities and reasonable luxuries which many people cannot now buy in desirable quantity—such as food, fuel, clothing and modest recreation, and it becomes quite apparent that all that we are saying is that a large proportion of our people are unable to acquire what they need, because a large part of the labor employed in Canada is paid wages too high to permit a proper distribution of wealth.

In simple language, if we are not to tolerate the conditions which now exist, we must either raise the incomes of our lower-paid workers, or lower the incomes of the higher-paid.

Perhaps the obvious truth of this statement can be brought into bold relief if we consider the really serious case of inadequate housing—which is not in the city slums, but in the rural areas, as any intelligent observer will readily note. Farm housing is, in a large percentage of cases, of a very low standard. Even where it was originally good, it has usually deteriorated very much. That

arises, not from any undue exactions of landlord or capitalist, but from the fact that the farmer does not receive a reward for his labor which permits him to buy the products of urban industrial workers—nor would he be able to buy, even if all urban industry used capital goods provided by the state, and no private profit existed at all.

The only answer is that we must choose between the alternative of increasing the farmer's wage, or reducing the wages of urban labor.

Bad housing, like every other of the myriad forms of suffering of a great part of our population, does not arise from our employing private enterprise as our normal stimulus to production, nor from undue profits of private "capital." It is not produced by any defect in our monetary system. It does not arise from the existence of a small class of very wealthy men—who cannot eat or otherwise consume any great part of the national production of wealth. It is an inevitable consequence of our total production of wealth being insufficient to provide what we consider a proper standard of living for all our people. It can be corrected, painfully, by lowering the standard of living of the more prosperous mass of the population—the better paid workers. It could be corrected, less painfully, by an increase in the national volume of wealth production.

Not By State Action

It cannot be cured by substituting state action for private enterprise—for that has reduced total wealth far oftener than it has increased it. Machines do not produce more merely because they are owned, or operated, or directed by the state rather than by private entrepreneurs. Men do not work harder, or more skilfully, for the state than for private employers. True, under a Socialist system, there would be no wealthy idlers—but these are not numerous in Canada, while, as experience has amply proved, the state always has more idle or useless functionaries than any system of private enterprise in modern times has idle parasites.

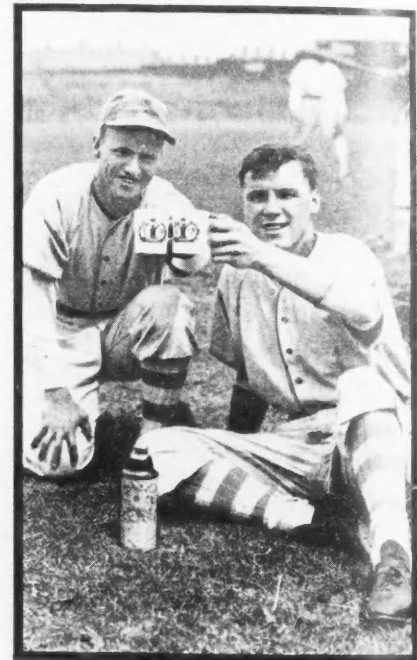
There is not the slightest reason to hope for increased wealth production as a result of state action. The fact that waves of unemployment occur under private enterprise is solely the result of attempts to keep wage levels so high that buyers stop purchasing. Unemployment is not, in the least, a necessary disease of the system of private enterprise.

The state, or the municipality, has a very great part to play in the correction of housing troubles. It has the duty of keeping public expenditures as low as possible, so as to keep taxation down. It must make city plans, enforce proper standards of construction, rule as to the permissible use of buildings. These are necessary collective functions—too often not exercised properly, if at all. The state, however, can neither lower the cost of building houses, nor raise the incomes of those who need better houses. Such corrections of economic impasses will be automatically made by any society in which private enterprise is free to operate, without unnecessary interference from the state.

Dr. Faludi makes one amusing minor mistake, in his suggestion that the Hon. C. D. Howe was enunciating a new Government policy of public aid to housing, in his remark that the provision of permanent housing lies in the field of municipal authority. Mr. Howe may, or may not, be an advocate of public housing operations. As the context of his remark, as reported in Hansard, clearly shows, in the particular remark quoted he was not defining a new Government policy of public aid to housing. He was merely pointing out that, under his understanding of the B.N.A. Act, while he, as Minister of Munitions is responsible for temporary wartime housing, the Dominion Government has no duty to see to the provision, by state action or otherwise, of permanent types of housing in organized municipalities.

The scandalous condition of much of the housing in this wealthy country must be admitted. It should be dealt with courageously. The solution of the problem, however, is definitely not to make the provision of housing for our poorer workers, on an uneconomic basis, a burden on the state, or on municipalities. It is to permit private enterprise to function freely.

That those who own much of the wealth of the nation have often failed to use well and wisely the talents entrusted to them is true. The correction is not to be found in turning over the talents to the politicians—who have as much as they can do successfully in their proper sphere of directing and controlling the national activities, without being asked to operate Canada as a totalitarian state.



New sight for the Irish of Belfast was the first professional baseball game there recently. U.S. troops were the players. The two shown here are Mid-West Giants whose team beat the Kentucky Wildcats by 3-2.

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AFTER THE WAR

Social Security in Canada

BY S. ECKLER

Our war leaders have proclaimed the war as a war for greater freedom and social security. In every discussion on post war plans social security forms the central plank.

What is social security? In modern society the worker whether he works in the fields or in the factory is confronted with serious social hazards. These are sickness, unemployment, permanent disability and invalidity, old age, industrial accident and disease and premature death. Social security aims at the protection and prevention of these contingencies. In its protective aspect social security must assure adequate cash benefits to compensate at least partially for the earnings lost as a result of the hazard. In addition, social security must provide certain benefits-in-kind such as medical care, orthopaedic appliances, vocational rehabilitation and guidance which will restore the worker to the best possible physical condition and to useful employment. In its preventive sphere, social security must utilize every device either to prevent the hazard or to reduce its severity when it does occur.

How is social security achieved? There are private methods and social methods. Private methods comprise all those where the individual on his own initiative entirely and from his income provides for his social security, through private insurance organizations, fraternal societies, mutual aid associations and his accumulated savings. Only a small portion of the population can afford to purchase social security in this manner. In addition, preventive measures and the provision of certain benefits-in-kind are impossible under private methods.

Social insurance, social assistance and relief are the basic social methods. Relief is the oldest and most unsatisfactory form. Grossly inadequate benefits are doled out in an emergency fashion. Little attention is paid to prevention of the hazard or restoration of the unfortunate worker. In contrast to relief, social assistance regularizes the benefit payments by the establishment of definite statute rules and procedures. But social assistance retains the "means" test for determining the citizen's qualifications for benefits. Under social insurance, eligibility for benefits is not dependent upon the worker's means. The worker usually makes a contribution towards the cost of the benefits, and in social insurance the protective and preventive elements of social security have had their most fruitful development.

Insurance the Bulwark

Social insurance and social assistance will probably form the bulwark of our social security plans for post-war Canada. Private methods will continue and will likely expand. The social methods will strive to provide the minimum benefits and other measures required in the light of basic social need and the community's potential resources. Individual savings and private insurance will provide a greater measure of individual security than the social minimum. As an illustration, a social insurance plan for old age might allow an individual \$40 a month at age 65. That same individual may like to retire at an earlier age, or, in any case, he may want a substantially larger allowance than \$40 per month. He can accomplish these objectives by accumulating personal savings and by purchasing old age insurance from private insurance organizations. This example can be extended to all the other risks covered by social and private methods. Both these approaches must be well co-ordinated for a broad social security program.

Canada is away behind many progressive countries in the assurance of adequate social security. The private methods are rather fully de-

"Social security" is one of the objectives of the war. To attain it the state will have to make much larger provision against the economic risks of sickness, unemployment, disability, invalidity, old age, industrial accident, and disease.

Private methods meet the needs of only the least needy portion of the community. Moreover they can do nothing in the way of prevention of the risk itself.

veloped. But the social methods are very backward.

For the risk of old age, Canadians have recourse to old age pensions and private savings and insurance. In the case of old age pensions the means test, questionable in itself, is far too severe and the retirement age of 70 too high. Private savings and private insurance do not provide old age security except for a small minority.

With few exceptions, only private methods and poor relief are available in Canada for the risk of sickness. The main exceptions are the health insurance plans of some business corporations, the municipal doctor systems of rural Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and the many provincial and Dominion public health measures. All these sickness security methods stress benefits-in-kind in the form of medical services. For cash benefits to compensate for the interrupted earnings, private methods and poor relief are the sole means available. As a result, very few people in Canada have adequate social security against sickness.

Risk of Disability

The situation with reference to the risk of invalidity and permanent disability, excepting invalidity arising from industrial accident and disease, is almost as bad. There are isolated social assistance plans such as pensions for blind, mental and tuberculosis sanatoria, hospitalization, which merely prick at the problem of invalidity. There has been no concerted attack on it. The risk of death is met in Canada by social assistance plans such as mother's allowance, children's aid, by private methods and by poor relief. The social insecurity arising from old age, sickness, invalidity and death can only be overcome by thorough social insurance and social assistance programs.

The risk of industrial accident and disease is the sole exception to Canada's poor showing. The Workmen's Compensation Acts provide rather complete social security both in its protective and preventive aspects. It is too early yet to make any judgment on the Canadian unemployment insurance solution to the risk of unemployment. Many workers are still excluded from its benefits, and the risk of unemployment is only partially covered. There is still no statute provision for unemployed who have exhausted their benefits or are not covered by the Act.

One of the barriers to a fuller development of social security in Canada has been the constitutional difficulty. Under the British North America Act the provinces have jurisdiction in all social assistance and social insurance plans. The adoption of a plan run by the Dominion would therefore require a constitutional amendment. The Rowell-Sirois Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations recommended that the Federal Parliament be given jurisdiction over old age insurance and unemployment insurance. But the Commission felt that the power to enact the medical care aspects of sickness insurance should be left with the provinces.

It did not deal with the risks of premature death, or invalidity and permanent disability. The Commission's advice on unemployment insurance has already been carried out. Whether a social security plan is administered by the Dominion or the provinces, it is necessary in any case that the plan be national in scope. If a constitutional amendment is inexpedient then there must be the utmost co-operation between the Dominion and provincial governments in the inauguration and operation of any social security plan.

Canadian political and social leaders are keenly aware of the deficiencies in Canada's social security set-up. The abortive Rowell-Sirois Report recommended an extension of social insurance in Canada. The Dr. James Committee on Reconstruction advising the Dominion Cabinet is cognizant of the problem and is anticipating study in this field. Order-in-Council P.C. 836 of February 5, 1942, set up a committee under the chairmanship of the Director of Public Health Services to study the question of health insurance and to formulate a health insurance plan. This committee is now at work.

Insurance Acts

Health Insurance Acts have been passed in both the Alberta and British Columbia legislatures. But in neither province has the Act been put into operation.

The Advisory Committee to the Unemployment Insurance Commission is investigating the possibilities of an extension of coverage to more workers. The Canadian Government has signified its intention of sending delegates to the September 1942 conference of the Inter-American Committee to Promote Social Security, to



Sir Ernest MacMillan, famous Conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, will be Guest-Conductor at the Promenade Symphony Concert, Varsity Arena, Toronto, Sept. 3. Soloist, Lansing Hatfield, Baritone.

be held in Santiago, Chile. This committee is a branch of the International Labor Organization, and its name describes its objectives.

Plans must be laid now in order to make even more concrete the real meaning of this war and to integrate the problems of demobilized soldiers and workers with the future social security program. The cost of complete social security is obviously important in laying plans. But the cost of a comprehensive social security program must be regarded in the light of what we can afford when our economic system is operating at full capacity. Our economic war program is sharply etching in our minds the fact that full capacity is possible with imaginative political and economic leadership. Dr. James in his latest report on post-war reconstruction has declared "full employment" as the leading premise of all post-war plans. Not only must the cost of social security plans be set against

Canada's economic potential. It must also be balanced against the real cost of the lack of a complete social security program. Inefficient workers, unnecessary cripples, children and youths deprived of tolerable economic opportunities, unemployed workers, all these and many more are the real economic costs of "no social security." It is needless to repeat the social cost in terms of human happiness.

The immediate post-war period will be one of severe adjustment of most Canadians to peace-time economic activities. Social security must be planned in relation to this transition. Such matters as vocational guidance and training, physical rehabilitation, unemployment problems, old people returning to retirement after economic war service, medical care and various cash benefits are "part and parcel" of any social security system. They are also the very problems to be faced upon demobilization.

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THE HITLER WAR

Our Success and Failure at Dieppe

IN THE broad scheme of war the Battle of Stalingrad is far more important than the tactical exercise carried out at Dieppe last week. Probably the U.S. landing in the Solomon Islands is more important too. But certainly the first action fought by McNaughton's Army, the first step towards the opening of a second front in Western Europe, has a far keener interest for us than either of the other battles.

In contrast to the blackout of news on the Marines' show in the Solomons, and the fragmentary and propagandistic reports of the fighting in Russia, we have been favored with a most wonderful flow of information on the Dieppe raid. I would like to try here to sort it out, and present as coherent a picture and draw as many lessons as possible from this action which stirred Canada as nothing else in this war has done.

The question which everyone has been asking, as the casualty returns hit city after city, is: What was accomplished by this raid which, when it was all over, found our men back where they started from, with hundreds of their companions left dead on the beaches across the Channel, or in the hands of the Germans? Was it a success as an invasion exercise?

Lacking access to official information, and not being a fully qualified military expert, the writer is in no position to give a final answer. But since we are not likely to get a final answer by a military expert, based on full official information, for a long time, I shall do my best here and now.

The exercise appears to have been a great success in the planning, handling and timing of the forces while on their way across the Channel, and in the naval and air support provided off the invasion coast. Some of the preliminary Commando operations were brilliantly successful; others failed through premature, though entirely accidental detection by the Germans. It is not clear whether our Army Co-operation aviation provided sufficient support for our shock troops ashore, held up by enemy strong points and tank barriers. And our tank landing seems to have definitely failed.

On the German side, and the Germans will be busy drawing lessons, too, there was a striking failure of their sea patrol to intercept the mass of craft crossing the Channel in the night, not a single one of which, moreover, was sunk by a German mine. Though the Luftwaffe swiftly concentrated squadrons from as far away as Holland, it failed decisively

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ly to smash the concentration of shipping lying off Dieppe, to hamper the operations ashore, or harass the re-embarkation.

The German land forces were far more successful. The cross-fire of their artillery strong-points appears to have swept the beaches all through the action and smashed many of our landing craft, while machine-gun cross-fire and mortar fire was as deadly against our infantry. A concrete barrier erected along the beach at Dieppe seems to have stopped our tanks dead, some of our engineers having been prevented from landing at the scheduled time to carry out their demolitions. On one flank, however, the German ground forces were taken completely by surprise and a Canadian column penetrated 3½ miles inland to a fortified road junction. German armored forces presumably would have been swung into action here had our men remained in the area long; as it is, there is no mention of them at any point in the Dieppe battle.

A Lucky Shot

To review the action briefly, Commandos were sent ahead to spike 6-inch-gun coastal batteries at Varengeville, where they succeeded perfectly, their very first mortar shot blowing up the German ammunition dump; and at Berneval, where they were detected by accident offshore and only one boat-load succeeded in landing, but were still able, by sniping, to keep the battery out of action.

Troops were then landed at Puys and Pourville (the latter not shown on our map, but between Dieppe and Varengeville), to secure the flanks of the main operation. Again, one flank action was a brilliant success, while the other was checked with heavy loss. The South Saskatchewan and the Camerons of Winnipeg swept up the broad beach at Pourville, overwhelmed the defenders and marched 3½ miles inland until they came to a German strong-point guarding a highway intersection, which they lacked the means to reduce.

On the other flank, at Puys, the beach is narrow and there is only a narrow break in the cliffs, leading up to the village. Here the Royal Regiment of Toronto was first repulsed, and then succeeded in getting ashore with heavy losses. The main assault on Dieppe itself, carried out by the Calgary Tanks, the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, the Essex Scottish and the Fusiliers of Montreal also seems to have had only a

limited success. Here there is a break in the cliff line of about a mile, in which the town nestles, with a broad open beach and promenade in front. Our troops had to rush this open belt of between 200 and 300 yards, covered by a powerful German cross-fire of all arms, and barred by a solid concrete anti-tank wall.

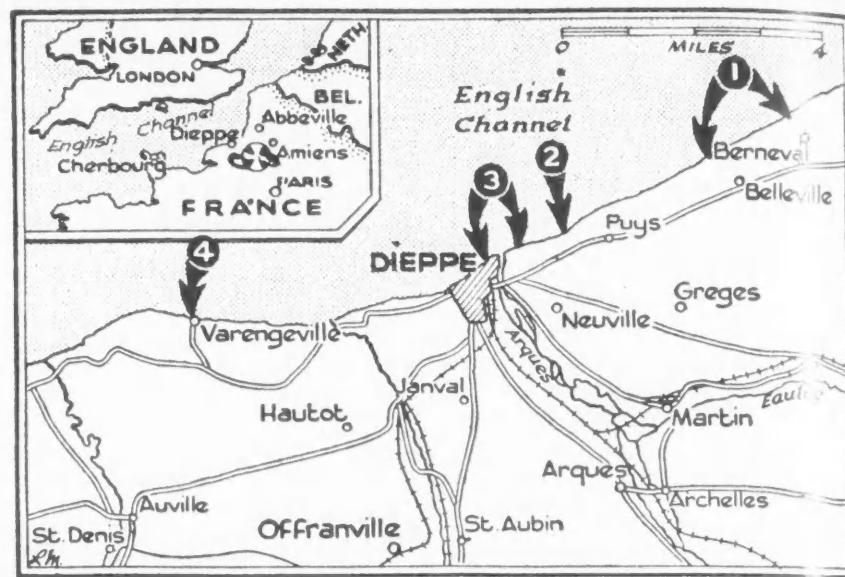
Only three things could make such an advance possible: the cover of either dark or a smoke-screen, armor protection, and the acceptance of heavy losses. Our men had all three, in various degrees. Quentin Reynolds, the well-known *Colliers* writer, who was immediately offshore in the headquarters destroyer, describes how Major-General Roberts called for a smoke-screen and Douglas Bostons arrived within a few minutes to lay a protecting cover of billowing white "artificial fog". Drew Middleton, of *AP*, tells of a destroyer laying a smoke-screen to cover the departure for home.

Some armor protection, or tank support, was provided, but this part of our plan went badly awry. I can find no clear account of what happened, but piecing together bits from many writers who were on the spot it seems that two "waves" of our tanks got ashore, more or less on scheduled time, and fifteen minutes apart, while another wave followed thirty minutes later, and the remainder couldn't get ashore at all.

Since the tank support involved one regiment, or half of an Army Tank Brigade, this would probably not amount to more than 50 tanks. I assume that these were our Rams, as one correspondent described them as "heavy", another as "new model", and another as firing "big shells." The craft in which they were landed, however, are called "giant" and "huge", and described by all the correspondents as resembling oil tankers. So it would seem a good guess that they might hold, say, eight tanks apiece; and one eye-witness speaks of troops in them as well.

Landing the Tanks

Thus we are still guessing it would seem as though a "wave" consisted of the load of one tank-landing-craft, and that three of these succeeded in setting their tanks ashore. Bob Bowman of the CBC, who was with the Calgary Tanks, says "the tank-landing-craft ahead of us has got its tanks ashore, but she's sinking now" and later in his notes, "another tank-landing-craft has managed to get in, but has been hit." In several accounts two tank landing craft are mentioned as burning



—Map, courtesy New York Times

Map showing the 10-mile front of our Dieppe raid. Commandos landed at Berneval (1) and Varengeville (4) to take care of coastal batteries. Infantry attacks then followed in the centre, at Puys (2), Dieppe (3), and Pourville, not on our map, but midway between Dieppe and Varengeville.

ashore at the time of our departure, while Ross Munro of *CP* describes how they lashed a TLC with damaged engines to the side of his destroyer and towed it home.

Fred Griffin of the *Toronto Star* was with the tanks which didn't get ashore. "The hour of landing passed," he writes, "and we veered off from the central beaches. . . . The minutes passed into hours, and we weren't ashore, though we moved in close and manoeuvred around. . . . Then shortly after 11 our flotilla got orders to pull for home. It jockeyed cumbrously into position and we began our slow trudge back."

Tanks Left Ashore

This doesn't sound as though it was possible to re-embark any of the tanks which got ashore, and we are told officially that those which couldn't be re-embarked were blown up. What had these tanks been able to do? "Some" are described as leading street actions, as our men cleaned up the lower town. But most, it seems, were halted by the concrete barrier across the beach. The engineers who were to deal with this were, according to one report, prevented from landing at the scheduled time. So our tanks formed into a square on the beach and served as close artillery support for our storm troops.

It seems that, had we been out to seize Dieppe, a better place to land the tanks would have been at Pourville, where our troops got ashore with so little difficulty and penetrated several miles inland. Here the tanks could have helped reduce the German highway strong points, and then turned to take Dieppe from the rear. The chief tactical lesson which this Dieppe affair appears to present is that we should land our main forces on the flanks, supported by the armor where it has some freedom of manoeuvre, and take the port with a pincers movement, while threatening constantly in the centre, to tie the Germans down.

Were we really trying to take Dieppe? It looks as if we could have done so, with the forces differently placed, and about two or three times as strong; though it is a very different question whether we could have held it against the German armored counter-attack which would have certainly developed within the following 24 hours. I think we were only trying to see if we could take it. This was a dress rehearsal, in other words, an invasion in miniature. If it had been the real thing we would have used larger forces, including paratroopers, and we would have kept our landing barges busy pouring in reinforcements all day, instead of standing by waiting to disembark those who had gone ashore. No one can seriously think that the Allied Command expect to invade Europe with seven regiments.

Besides paratroopers—which we are apparently saving—operating in the rear of the city, and tank forces on the flanks, it would seem that we badly need dive-bombers to clear away stubborn obstacles for the tanks and storming troops. Destroy-

ers offshore had to fire through a haze which every correspondent described as "impenetrable"; though the German insistence that our warships were "cruisers" may be a compliment to the power of their barrage. We appear to have kept about a dozen destroyers there the whole morning, and lost one at some stage in the action.

It seems also, that for beach storming we might seriously reconsider the use of breast armor for the infantry. Many experiments were carried out with it in the last war, but with the development of aeroplane armor lighter and stronger alloys must be available now. This would reduce our fatal casualties. Besides the enemy's machine-gun and automatic fire, our troops also gained a healthy respect for his use of the trench mortar. "Those fellows have a mortar technique we could learn a lot from," said one of the South Saskatchewan. "It comes with a flat trajectory, very accurate, and you can't duck it."

This correspondence has often emphasized the German use of mortars in the Russian War. Our men, like the Russians, seem to prefer hand grenades, and there are many reports of these being used effectively at Dieppe to silence pill-boxes, once a man had worked his way close enough to toss one through the embrasure. It is encouraging, however, to hear of the effective mortar technique of our Commandos, which, indeed, at Varengeville, hit the ammunition dump of a German six-gun battery with the very first shot. Our troops are also mentioned as using Bren, Sten and Tommy guns, as well as rifles.

Germans Reveal Plan?

The German Radio was curiously insistent, the day after Dieppe, that it had not had to bring up "strategic" reserves, that the local defence forces had sufficed to beat off the "invasion attempt." The Nazi propagandists got crossed up concerning these local forces, first referring to them as troops which had been victorious in a hundred battles, and then in Hitler's communiqué next day as newly mustered troops "receiving their baptism of fire." But when the Germans set out to deny a thing they usually overdo it, and one wonders if they weren't really tricked by the Dieppe raid into putting in motion the whole machinery of their plan for defending that part of the Channel coast, and if our reconnaissance planes mightn't have been out taking note of all this.

Certainly they called up their strategic reserves of air power, for many squadrons coming from the Low Countries were intercepted by the RAF, RCAF and American AAF in the neighborhood of Abbeville. Taking a sober view of the land operations, and accepting the navy's superb handling of the transport arrangements, the disembarkation and re-embarkation, as a matter of course, London was jubilant about the aerial part of the affair.

There is no such thing as complete
(Continued on Page 28)



An aerial view of Dieppe, in which can be seen clearly the wide beach before the city, against which our main infantry and tank attack was launched last week, and the cliff line to the right, just beyond the ship basin.

Yes, Canada Is a Nation

BY ANTHONY ADAMSON

Canada is a nation, asserts Mr. Adamson; Canada's Laurier originated the British Commonwealth of Nations, Canada made the "three thousand miles of undefended border", Canada is the world's greatest international trader.

"Our own chief national trouble is that we are a little nation with big ideas. The world's chief trouble is that it has too many big nations with little ideas."

THERE has been considerable discussion in SATURDAY NIGHT and elsewhere on the question whether or not Canada is a nation since Canada lacks a certain national consciousness. In my opinion Canada is a nation, with a consciousness too. But it is a nation not as that word was understood in the pre-war world. In many of its aspects it is a nation of the future. Canadians were the first to discover and consciously put into effect the great truth that there is something greater than Freedom, greater than Independence for a nation, namely Interdependence.

Consciously and as a nation we have made two things that never existed before, and if the world is ever to be happy the world will have to learn from Canada as much as Canada has to learn from it. Those two things we take for granted. They are become words in the mouths of politicians. There is a third thing too which others have practiced but which we have practiced most, which puts us in the forefront of nations if that word nation has any reason to be admired.

The first of these things which we made, consciously and as a nation, against reason, against the importuning of others greater than ourselves, and which today leads people to think we lack national consciousness, was our Commonwealth of Nations: "autonomous communities equal in status", "in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect", "freely associated", "united by a common allegiance". That is the future—and we made it, as a nation. Benjamin Franklin may have thought of it partially first, but Sir Wilfred Laurier was the first man to form the idea fully and to press for it. It is a political achievement probably as great in its idea and in its workings as anything done by the human race since the English Revolution in America. It is certainly as great if we exclude the theory of responsible government and even in the uncovering of that we played a humble part. We could have had other things for Canada. If we had sent Canadians to the Congress at Philadelphia in 1775, we could have had complete democratic freedom first among people in the modern world; instead we chose to fight in the snow of the streets of Quebec to prevent it. French Canada fell because interdependence among nations was then not thought of. Canada was conquered to give peace to a continent. It was reborn by the Loyalists to be an organized protest against disorder among peoples. If we had all been temperate in 1837 under Mackenzie and Papineau we could have had our little Venezuelas and Uruguays in North America, but it was against an already developed Canadian consciousness. If we had been temperate just the other day in 1940 under Duplessis we could have also made something different, and for many years the "nursery door", as it has been called, has been open to us and we could have had independence as complete and spiteful and out-of-date as any country in the world, and with it a proud "nationality".

The Well-Known Border

The second thing that we have made as a nation is the well known "three thousand miles of undefended border". It may be thought we were helped in this. As Canadians in the Canadian tradition of interdependence we are the first to suggest it. But we wanted that border and they didn't. We won. They didn't want a border at all. As late as the election of 1911 the Speaker of the U.S. House, as is well known, said he hoped "to see the American flag fly over every square foot" of Canada. We consciously and as a nation wanted and got a border that exactly suited us only. This border like our Commonwealth is of the stuff of the future. We got it because we are a nation in many respects in advance of all others in the world, with a national consciousness of a type not yet understood even by us.

The third thing that we made was a living in the world. We have nothing greatly to be proud of in this but

we do happen to be as Canadians the greatest international traders in the world. It is the effect as well as partially the cause of our type of nationality, but it brings home to us in every acre of our fields and every square foot of our factories the realization that interdependence is the great essential for us. We have had to strike a balance in our economy in order to be sure of making the first two things we wanted most, and we have therefore had tariffs and trade jealousies along with all the other nations more proud of themselves for themselves. But we have had less of these than other nations. They are evil things and we know it. The future if it is to be a future worth all the blood and misery being spent on it will not have those things.

Failures as a Nation

Our failures as a nation are of course well known to all of us. Even though as a people we seem to have first sought interdependence, yet in international affairs in the Councils of the League of Nations we did less than nothing. In the name of Canadians our leaders refused in 1921 an Italian suggestion that all nations have free access to raw materials. Not many years later just when we were about to tell the League of our Canadian dream our leaders stopped us from leading collective interdependence security by imposing sanctions against an Italian aggression. When our great and isolated neighbor seemed to be about to support this same security on the invasion of Manchuria we were too sunk in our own miseries to play our part. Those were sins for which we with others are paying. But they were the sins of all other nations too, greater and more responsible than we, and in one instance at least our leaders and not ourselves were those at fault.

In our own national affairs we have had our failures too. We know them well. The principal one, now, is that though it is obvious to any thinking Canadian that racially, economically, and geographically we must as people in a nation be interdependent, those of us who realize most strongly that this must be so too in the broader field of the world have not told the others. The people of Quebec think that because we fight today for something bigger than ourselves we fight for England. Disregarding the stakes which are for us the highest, we are as well fighting for an ideal with greater understanding, except in Quebec, than any other people in the world. The failure of our minority race to feel the full meaning of the Canadian dream is due to a number of causes. These causes are the special and peculiar faults of our leaders at least as much as they are the faults of ourselves. We know them only too well and belittle ourselves for them.

There is a fault though of which we are not all conscious. It is that we have not been able to dramatize for ourselves the theory of interdependence beyond the limited area of the British Commonwealth. This lack has increased suspicion that we fight, as M. Oscar Drouin said recently, "for the Empire as an Empire". We don't. We have no more personal feeling toward India and Burma and Nyasaland and the Leeward Islands than any other Americans. In international affairs it may have been fun in the past to stand with the shadow of 350 million people

at our back, but we have long seen it was shadow, not substance, and have admired the British Colonial Empire only insofar as it was an area for partial peaceful interdependence. The vowel sounds of the English whine in our ears with the same effects for us as they have for Americans, and only the veriest few of us can love them. Though we are as a nation semi-consciously fighting for the human race more directly than any other nation, it has been hard for us to invent suddenly a super-Christian, all-embracing loyalty that means much to us. That surely does not mean that we are not a nation and a great one.

What is the basis of this "national consciousness" of other nations? We know without the necessity of wasting lurid description what this basis is for Germany and Japan, but what is it for our nearest and dearest, the United States and the United Kingdom, and are we morally to be censured for not being as they? It is not too much to say that for Englishmen their patriotism is based on an unthinking self-assurance, and for Americans it is based on an ebullient love that turns so easily to vaunting. What is it for the great lesser nations, such as Sweden, but a limited and purely selfish satisfaction in local achievement? We are not to be morally censured for lacking these things.

THE LONDON LETTER

Britain Plans New Highway System

CHESTERTON is authority for the statement that

BY P. O'D.

"Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode, The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road."

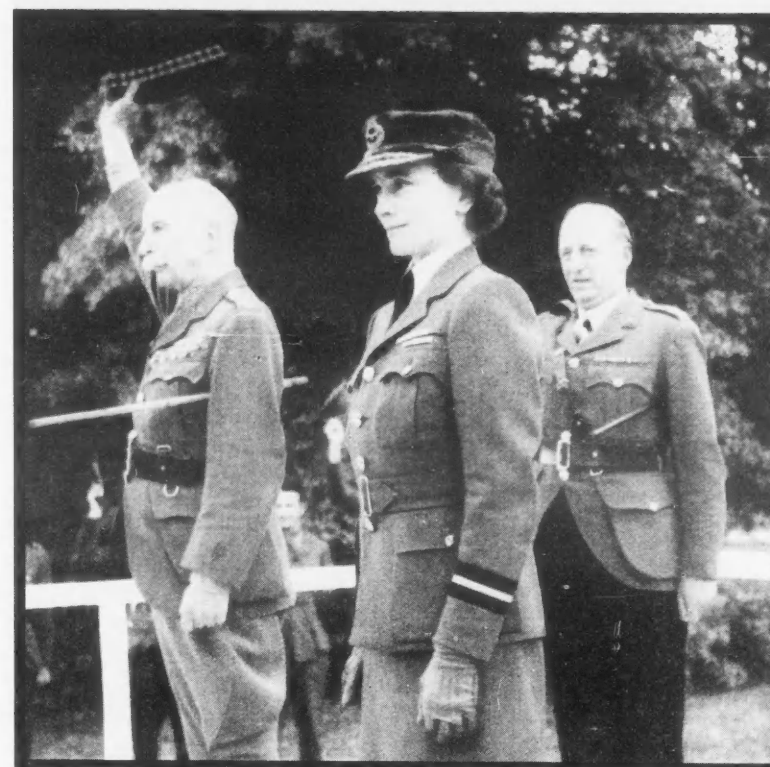
How true this is, I don't know, but it is a very plausible explanation. There is no doubt at all about the way the average English road staggers about the countryside, turning and twisting with no apparent reason, and presenting you with a new view every minute or so. Very exasperating to the speed-merchants perhaps, but for all that the most attractive roads in the world—so long as you are not in a hurry.

From the point of view of modern efficiency the English road may leave a lot to be desired, but it is not without what might be called its tactical advantages at a time like this. It would be a terrifying sort of road for an enemy tank to try to navigate, never knowing what might be concealed behind the hedges or just around the bends. And how could even the most skilful and determined Stuka pilot dive-bomb a road that is never straight for more than a hundred yards?

The rolling English drunkard was certainly not thinking of Panzer divisions when he made the rolling track that became the rolling road, and the time will come when we won't have to think about them either. We must make plans for the days of peace, I suppose, and a very important part of such plans is a new system of national highways. Nothing less will meet the requirements, the rapidly expanding requirements, of modern transport. The road has regained the ancient importance which the railway took from it, and new needs demand new facilities.

Already local authorities are said to be sending in their suggestions and requests to Prof. Abercrombie, who has been given the immense job of planning the future development of London. These suggestions are concerned chiefly with roads—great six-track highways linking up London with Provincial centres, and sweeping across the country with a directness that the old Roman road-builders would certainly approve.

Such roads may be useful, they may



An unusually engaging picture of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is this one showing her receiving "three rousing cheers" from the men of the King's Own Scottish Borderers of which she is the colonel-in-chief.

Physically it is a short-term drawback that with the accretion of wisdom and practical experience can be made an advantage. Our own chief Can-

adian national trouble is that we are a little nation with big ideas. The world's chief trouble is that it has too many big nations with little ideas.

even be inevitable, but they are not beautiful—especially if building speculators should be permitted to string horrible rows of little bungalows and villas along them. The traveler across country would never get out of the one wide, straight, unlovely street. But that danger is being taken care of, or so we are given to understand.

Green belts are to be established around the cities, where no building development will be permitted. If they are only wide enough, they should interfere very seriously with the plans of the jerry-builders who string their monstrosities along road-frontages. There will also, no doubt, be legal restrictions.

Even with these and other precautions, it is not likely that old-fashioned people will view the new plans with much enthusiasm. They will think with a certain dismay of those auto-highways cutting great swaths across the countryside, and of all the mechanical noise and stink that will go hurtling along them. Fortunately for them, the old roads will still remain, quieter and more lovely than ever because of the diversion of traffic. There will always be a way for the people who are content merely to jog along.

Shakespearean Summer

London is getting a lot of Shakespeare this summer an admirable state of affairs theatrical, though not without its disadvantages from the box-office point of view. The audience for Shakespeare is large and very enthusiastic more so than ever in war-time but there are limits to even the most voracious appetite. Happily the fare is not only varied but excellent, and the Shakespearean range is all-embracing.

The chief Shakespearean production the chief event of the theatrical season, one might say is John Gielgud's "Macbeth", with Gielgud himself in the title role, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Lady Macbeth. Gielgud spares nothing in his productions, and this is an admirable one.

His own performance has received the warm praise of the critics, especially for its poetic quality—rather too poetic, some of them have sug-

gested. In spite of the sombre mysticism in his make-up, Macbeth is a good deal of a thug; and for that sort of thing Gielgud would seem to lack the sheer physical strength and vitality. Hamlet is much more in his line.

The one outstanding weakness of the production is Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Lady Macbeth and for much the same reason. She is charming and poetic, but without passion, and if there is anything the part requires it is surely that. Lady Macbeth is one of the most passionate creatures in all Shakespeare's great gallery. Played without passion she is merely querulous, a glorified nag; and this, it seems, is what Miss Ffrangcon-Davies has made of her.

As one disgruntled critic has said, her performance in the murder scene made him think of a housewife annoyed with her husband because he hadn't the courage to fire the cook. Very cutting and unfair perhaps, but it is generally agreed that for once this delightful actress is miscast. She is the perfect Ophelia. Lady Macbeth is beyond her.

After a long Provincial tour the "Old Vic" Company is back in Town with three Shakespearean productions, "Othello", "The Merchant", and "The Merry Wives". All grand plays, but it is regrettable that producers are seldom tempted to give us some of the less familiar ones—"Love's Labor Lost", for instance, or "Two Gentlemen of Verona", or "Cymbeline", or "Coriolanus".

As a matter of record, only about half the plays on the list are ever put on, except once in a long while as a sort of stunt. Shakespearean productions are expensive, and producers can hardly be blamed for choosing the plays that can almost be guaranteed to pay their way. Not that the "Old Vic" had shown lack of courage or enterprise in this respect. It was possible to see almost all of Shakespeare at the old stand in the Waterloo Road; but new times bring new conditions, and well, just for once, the "Old Vic" is playing safe.

The third season of Shakespeare is that of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. That indomitable producer, Robert Atkins, having done it successfully in no less than three parks in Manchester, is doing it again in London.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF CANADIAN HISTORY TO 1763 by C. W. Jefferys, R.C.A., LL.D., assisted by T. W. MacLean. (Ryerson Press, \$2.)

I THINK that more and more we are grasping the idea the Chinese have had for so long, that a picture is equal to ten thousand words. Even the ten thousand words will not say what the picture does. The word-picture might give a thousand different mental pictures to a thousand different people.

Now that our own history of Canada is becoming something more than a drudgery of names and dates for children to learn—and forget,—Dr. Jefferys has given us one of the most valuable books that has ever appeared on Canadian History. It is a monumental piece of work, the result of a lifetime of intense study, by an artist singularly well equipped, who is at the same time a first-class historian.

It is very easy to say that Frontenac went from Quebec to Montreal, in those few words. It also tells us very little. What kind of hat did he wear? what kind of coat, and so on down to his shoes; also, what kind of sword

did he carry? In what kind of boat did he travel? How were the rowers or paddlers dressed? This would make a good long chapter. An accurate picture tells it at a glance. This book gives the history of Canada in pictures; accurate pictures, that can be grasped by the reader in a very short time if he will look at them carefully. That is modern history as we must have it if we are going to know anything about our own past. The amount of work put into such a picture takes a long time, and here it is done for us, enough to give the reader, from ten years to eighty, a clear-cut idea of what took place.

With the pictures there is a running commentary on each plate. This tells us, for instance, that no portrait of Cartier has come down to us, and

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Early Canada in True Pictures

BY C. T. CURRELLE

Director Royal Ontario Museum
Archaeology

that all the pictures we have of him are imaginary, but that the clothing and shipping of the time are known. Things that went to the making of other pictures are definitely known either from prints or excavations, or objects that have been preserved in one way or another.

The book is divided into sections. Part I gives a good clear idea of the work such as housing, clothing, snowshoes, canoes, whether bark or dug-out, other transportation, weapons, basketry and games of the Indian and Eskimo.

The next section shows the first coming of the French, their clothing

and equipment, weapons, ships, the first houses they built, a number of portraits of the outstanding Frenchmen and pictures of sites where events took place.

Part III has pictures of historical events, the fights with the Indians, the making of the early buildings that were the beginning of the settlements, and a number of the early leaders; a splendid series of drawings shows the types of the early houses and the method of construction, the early furniture that was brought over before there was any chance of making any in this country, the early stockades, mills, and the position of the first seigniorial development. The clothing, shipping, weapons and instruments are shown, and a number of pictures show the scenes where

events took place.

The meetings between the French and the Indians are depicted, and here a thoroughly natural side is seen, such as the picture of LaSalle in the pouring rain on the Toronto-Carrying Place in 1681 on his way to the Mississippi, making the big portage to Lake Simcoe.

The final section shows the more definite settlement and wider exploration, when, in Quebec, stone is beginning to replace the earlier wooden structures, and certain comforts are coming in, such as the interior structure of the windmills, the coming of the watermills, the earlier agricultural implements, plows and harrows, the ships that were built in Canada, the early Churches. Then comes the arrival of the English and the struggle for supremacy between the English and French, right up to the last struggle at the Plains of Abraham.

Everywhere the maps are given, so that in a book of 268 pages a thoroughly accurate picture of our development and of the men who played a big part in it can be grasped. It is a wonderful book, a wonderful possession for our people, and we owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who have given it to us.

In the Grand Tradition

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK, Twelve Essays by T. R. Glover. (Macmillans, \$4.)

TO WALK and talk with a completely civilized man is, perhaps, a feckless hope in these times. But one may read, and pretend to walk, with Addison and Lamb, with Bacon and Erasmus, with Augustine Birrell and John Buchan. Here is an opportunity to join a Baptist Minister, sometime of Queen's and McMaster, and later of Cambridge, on a personally conducted tour of the gardens of Hesperides, or thereabouts, and listen to the gentility of his wisdom.

For a man who knows so desperately much about the Greek and Latin giants of antiquity, Professor Glover's talk is singularly tolerant of ignorance in others. He is not afflicted with the passion to instruct anybody—a merit not common among theologians—and seems rather to be talking at large, and for fun, about discoveries in ancient literature which have a bearing on present-day life.

And all the time one finds flashes of wit or gentle sarcasm. "You wanted to know, my dear Sir, what the Greek would have thought of you and me, and I'm telling you; he is not complimentary to either of us." He dips out of obscure authors happy phrases or ideas, such as "putting an import duty on lies," or "living in the suburbs of Poetry."

He writes with a sedulous avoid-

ance of commonplace expressions. Instead of "by and large" he says "broad and long, however—" and like Dr. Johnson who despised a dedication not in Latin he prefaces his book with a tribute to the Centenary of Queen's University; and it's a rolling sentence: *Almae Matri Canadensi centum jam annos florenti amicorum memor Regiodimensium.*

A great book, but caviar to the general.

Know Your Allies

TWENTY-FIVE informative pamphlets of pocket-size, each selling for ten cents, have been published by the Oxford University Press in New York and Toronto under the general title "America in a World At War". All are by eminent writers, sharply aware of the American scene while at the same time familiar with one or other of the United Nations. Norway is discussed by Oivind Lorentzen, Australia by H. J. Timperley, France by Leon Dostert. "The Enigma of the British" is by Harold Candler who does a particularly fine job in uprooting a large acreage of prejudice.

These pamphlets are worthy of everyone's close attention. They are not to be read once and tossed away, but to be digested. No better material for a primary study-course on Allied Geography and Economics can be found.

Seven Poets All a-Singing

BY W. S. MILNE

POETS OF TOMORROW, third selection. (Macmillans, \$2.00.)

AFTERMATH, by R. C. Trevelyan. (Macmillans, \$1.65.)

THERE WILL BE BREAD AND LOVE, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (Macmillans, \$2.25.)

HERE is a volume containing the representative work of five young British poets: Lawrence Little, David Gascoyne, Laurie Lee, Adam Drinan and Arthur Harvey. As far as I am concerned, tomorrow is not yet come. These tortured rhythms, these thin and obvious sentiments, flashily obscure in expression, this pathetic dread of the familiar cadence or time-perfected stanza are a long way from the great achievements of our literature, as perhaps their authors desire them to be, but the change is not for the better. Of the five, Lawrence Little, age twenty-one, is perhaps the most typical. He is startlingly obscure, he describes the obvious with naive wonder, and he is still young enough to use with zest the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables not generally found in print.

David Gascoyne writes with power and sincerity whenever he forgets the obligation to be "new". Of Laurie Lee I can understand little. Adam Drinan strikes me as having more of

the stuff of poetry in him than any of the others. His attempts to wed Gaelic assonances and idioms to English verse are interesting, and at least often musical, though more obscure than need be. Arthur Harvey is conventionally modern in theme and free technique, but most of his verse seems to be the outcome of a facile rhetorical gift. Probably these young men are at the present time undergoing experiences that will make their pre-war poems seem very slight indeed. More power to them! May they be spared to a happier tomorrow, and a truer understanding of the power of rhythmic words.

The work of R. C. Trevelyan is full of cultured rhetoric, the product of one who is more scholar than poet. There is an almost complete lack of concrete, visual imagery; he thinks not in terms of images, as a poet, but in terms of ideas and abstractions, as a philosopher. He might often be called obscure, but it is not that obscurity, which, like Blake's, springs from the poet's own certitude of what he writes. It is the darker sort, which is born of the poet's own confusion. There is however, an honesty, an integrity, a lack of any suggestion of the posing intellectual, which makes it worth reading. His work is full of classic echoes, and his translations

of Horace are particularly good. He is perhaps at his best in his slighter English descriptive poems, such as "The Wood". His poems are permeated by a nostalgia for the world's lost peace and tranquility. Through all darkness and apparent ruin, he holds ever to the immortality of man's spirit, and he closes on a note of hope.

Tristram Coffin's poetry sings all one theme, and sings it well: the continuity of life, and the zest of living. He writes of life on a Maine farm, and among the fishers and lobstermen of the coast. He sees cosmic significance in the farmer's wife's baking of loaves, the hen setting on her eggs, the fishers mending nets or making lobster traps. He writes in clear simple style, generally in couplets. His versification is often rough, but he does write poetry that has life and beauty and imagination in it. His work is very unlike the pallid affectations of some of the poets referred to above. Here is, in part, his "Definition for a Poem":

"It is a woman crowding wood
Into a cookstove in the good
Smell of run-over apple juice,
A sharp point to a year, a noose
Slipped on a lawless moment's rush. . .
A poem is a girl who shells
New green peas and hears the bells
In her lover's blood peal out
As his arms close her about. . .
A poem is the act that clutches
On a sudden lovely thing."

"All the living give thanks", he says, in another poem, and it may be said of him that all the poems in this book celebrate and give thanks for that gift of life which it is the poet's function to enrich and make more abundant. He heightens our awareness of common things, and makes the concrete and temporal a symbol of the spiritual and eternal. He opens the book on a note of certitude:

"I say you people have the right to trust

In certain things that will be when our wars

Are over, or within them, if they last:
Water, I say, is one. There will always be

Blue water through the branches of some tree.

I say there will be hills, and trees will climb them. . .

There will be cows to milk because it is evening. . .

There will be fires lit, and some songs sung. . .

I think, too, that young men always will rather

Be with girls than with their kind in May.

There will be bread and love. These things, I say."

This is a beautiful and satisfying book. Many of the pictures will strike Canadians with a local sort of truth, but the whole collection is permeated by a spiritual zest, a belief in ultimate decencies, which lifts the heart. Perhaps my stressing this side of Mr. Coffin's work may be unfair to his poetic craftsmanship, but he is a conscious literary artist of distinction, an outstanding figure in American literature.

Before the Blood Bath

THE DRUMS OF MORNING, a novel, by Philip Van Doren Stern. (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.)

JONATHAN BRADFORD, of Alton, Illinois, aged nine, sat by his dying father who had been shot in a riot. Pro-slavery hoodlums had killed Elijah Lovejoy, Preacher and Abolitionist Editor, and had battered his printing press into scrap. This was in 1837. Bradford, a Lovejoy supporter, with his last breath said to his little boy, "Don't ever stop fighting slavery."

The lad was adopted by friends hot against the "peculiar institution" and reared to manhood in their faith and his own. Some of the Boston Abolitionists heard of his zeal and sent him to the South to observe and report. In Charleston he became involved in an *affaire* with a Southern girl of good family, was spied upon and provoked into a duel with a slave-owning aristocrat. Having spoiled the beauty of his opponent he became a fugitive.

In an attempt to get to the British Bahamas by schooner, manned by runaway slaves, he fell ill of yellow fever and was captured. On his recovery he was tried in Florida for stealing slaves, found guilty and branded on the right hand with the letters S S. Escaping from jail he found his way to New Orleans and thence to Boston.

He participated in an attempt to rescue a fugitive slave, held by law in Boston. He was on a lecture-tour with Frederick Douglass. He was farming in Pennsylvania and passing on runaway slaves towards Canada. He met John Brown. On the eve of the war he went again to Charleston, was recognized and arrested. For three years of the war he was in prison, escaped and was caught again, only to be sent to that stockaded hell, Andersonville. He was in Washington when Lincoln was assassinated.

He was in too many places where things were happening. This fact joined to the vagaries and stupidities of his love-life make him a character not to be believed in. If the author had been mainly occupied with Jonathan, the man could have been made credible, for no one will deny the competence and brilliance of the writer. But Mr. Stern's eye was on a bigger thing; the quarrel which raged through the States for thirty years before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter.

His description of that quarrel is dramatically told and is crowded with detail. He shows the difficulties of Northern merchants dealing with the Slave States, the raging intolerance for Abolitionists in the South, and their unpopularity in the North, the loading of the dice against them in Court and in Congress, the evil effects of the Fugitive Slave law and the Dred Scott decision. He explains the dissolution of the various political organizations and the rise of the Republican Party, which Party excited only contemptuous hostility in Abolitionist minds. He reflects the

distaste many of them had for Abraham Lincoln who insisted that the war was to preserve the Union rather than to end slavery.

So this novel is more interesting in its fact than in its fiction. It illuminates the figures of William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It brings to light a dozen instances of violence which were all but forgotten. And it reveals the astonishing complacency of vast sections of the populace, content to live and let live, doing business, without knowing it, on the crusted crater of a volcano.

There are many analogies between that period and this generation. People then as now couldn't believe that war was a personal and pressing danger. Mr. Stern has done a notable piece of work that deserves a wide public.

Misery in France

PRISONERS OF HOPE, Report on a Mission, by Howard L. Brooks. (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.50.)

UNCENSORED FRANCE, by Roy P. Porter. (Longmans Green & Co. \$3.50.)

THESE authors tell the same story, writing from different angles. Rev. Mr. Brooks was sent to Vichy to work with the Unitarian Service Committee, an American relief organization. Mr. Porter was the able and experienced correspondent of the Associated Press. Both concentrate on food, or the lack of it; Mr. Brooks writing from a personal point of view. "Going to bed hungry for one or two days is one thing, but being hungry for weeks and months of it is something very different. . . . That frightened me was the demoralizing, weakening effect on the spirit. . . . How can a people who must live like this for months and years possibly get up the courage and stamina to fight?"

Mr. Brooks forgets that hunger makes revolutions. In 1789 hunger brought the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine surging into the Palace of Versailles; hunger in the country burned the chateaux and hanged "aristocrats" in droves.

Mr. Porter quotes official figures showing that in comparison with consumption in 1938 the potato supply in 1941 was one-third, meat one-half, sugar, one-third. But the population had been increased by 600,000 German invaders, living partially on the country and commandeering all sorts of things. Both writers agree that the great majority of the people long for the destruction of Germany. Porter says ninety per cent, and finds only a negligible few in favor of Laval who wants England reduced to a grease spot.

Each of these books shows in detail the meaning of the expression Woe to the Conquered. They should be corrective reading for those Canadians who have not yet been touched by the war and have an unspoken notion that they never will be

THE FILM PARADE

The World of the Minivers

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

fastidiously avoids formula and cliché.

The picture is at its best—and it is a wonderful best, sensitive, intelligent and beautifully sound—when it reveals the relationships among the Minivers themselves. This fundamentally is what "Mrs. Miniver" set out to do—to describe, intimately and vividly, the life of a single family in one corner of war-torn England. And since it succeeds triumphantly in doing exactly that, it seems beside the point to complain that it hasn't included other family groups, less privileged perhaps but no more harassed, in half a dozen other corners of the valiant island.

Warner Brothers, Hollywood's most public-spirited firm, have a new trick to interest moviegoers in the problems of their democracy. They use Ann Sheridan as a beautiful decoy and the eager public hurries in, to discover that Miss Sheridan is merely incidental to a thorough visual education in labor and farm produce distribution ("Juke Girl") or the production methods of the Lockheed aircraft plant. The device unfortunately doesn't work any too well, since Miss Sheridan is far too arresting a girl to fit quietly into a documentary background. You have to choose between visual education and mere visual satisfaction. You can't have both.

"TAKE A LETTER DARLING"

It goes back to the pre-war, pre-priority days when retail firms thought nothing of tossing away a million dollars on a national advertising campaign. So we have Rosalind Russell as a high-powered Idea Woman, and Fred MacMurray as her reluctant gigolo-secretary. Rosalind is beautiful and brainy and so proudly above mere appearances that she wears bunny-scuffs in the office and

props her feet up on the table to rest her arches. But it doesn't take Fred MacMurray long or us either for that matter—to discover that the poor girl is crazy for love.

This is another in Rosalind Russell's series of Career-Woman comedies, but it has a sharp edge on its predecessors in both dialogue and direction. You can call practically every turn of the plot, but there's plenty in between turns to keep you amused, and Miss Russell models an impressive advance fall wardrobe.

THE most startling thing about "They Flew Alone" is its candid revelation of the courtship and married life of the Flying Mollisons. The film had the complete endorsement of Captain Mollison who appears to have been willing, even eager, to have himself presented in as unflattering a light as possible. The role falling into the hands of Robert Newton, an expert at unflattering portraiture, he gets his wish. The result, oddly enough, is a film that falls almost too patly into the lines of "made" biography. Anna Neagle's portrayal of Amy Mollison is intelligent and serious, but it fails to convey the physical drive and hardihood of the great woman flyer.

The important thing about the Mollisons wasn't their private life but, quite simply, their flying. And while dates, take-offs, flights, arrivals, even banquets and congratulatory telegrams are faithfully recorded, the films throw little fresh light on the unique psychology of flight careerists.

THERE has been considerable adverse criticism of "Mrs. Miniver" since the right-thinking leftists, the general trend being that the Minivers represented a special and privileged group far from typical of the mass of suffering English people.

It is true that the Miniver pre-war world was as comfortable and serene as the film's producers could make it. It is also true that there are many homes in England so far from ideal that demolition from the Nazis could add an improving touch. The picture is that while a dockside Mrs. MacGarr, valiantly defying hell from the Nazis, might make a fine picture, the picture that the producers of "Mrs. Miniver" set out to do is not a film for not being as good as it should be it is hardly valid to say it is because it isn't something very different.

There are to be sure certain elements of class-consciousness in "Mrs. Miniver" which might have been modified to the film's advantage. The

comic-servant angle, for instance, seemed exceptionally un-funny and perfunctory. Is there no comedy in England, one sometimes wonders, except the comedy supplied by the help? And will the last chuckle die from the English screen and stage when the final cook-general has been absorbed into war-time industry? I found it difficult too, to share the film's indulgent affection for Lady Beldon with her bad manners, her dreadful toques, and her one gracious act, ungraciously performed. Much of this falls into the conventional pattern of English life as established in fiction, and is all the more conspicuous in a film that for the most part

WEEK IN RADIO

What the Kids Like in Radio

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

I WANTED to find out what the kids on our street think about radio, so I walked down to the corner, and there, leaning against the drugstore, was Betty Moltgren, age 9, talking to her little friend, Angeline Leo, aged 8½.

"I like Junior Miss. That's Shirley Temple," said Betty. "I like her. She's funny. She's always wanting to try something."

"Have you ever heard 'A house in the country'?" asked the younger one. "There are two people in it, and there's always talking. Something is always happening to them. One day a lady had a dream, and a tank full of Japanese came right into her garden, and she left the bacon she was cooking, and got a gun and ran out and shot them. It was fun."

"I like the Armstrong family," Betty put in. I had never heard of them. Betty came back with: "I like Henry Aldrich." "Jack Benny," I put in Angeline. "He's crazy. That's why I like him. I listen to the Knights of the Road. That's comedy music. Then there's Texas Jim Robertson. He's good to listen to. Rudy Vallee?" No, I never heard him. "I like Big Sister. She's always getting into trouble, or getting people into trouble. I heard her the other day and it was about a lady who thought the other lady she was with was dead. And was that ever good?" She leaned back against the window-pane and laughed.

Betty: "I like Fibber McGee and Molly." Angeline: "Paul Firman's band is good. When my brother goes to the masonic hall, it's Paul Firman's band." Betty: "The Happy Gang is nearly my favorite. That's Bob Pearl. He sings swell. I like Elmer Allan's singing, too."

I turned back on the street and went up to the lane where the kids hang out of the Y.M.C.A. I ran into Ed McFadden, age 9. "Give me suspense," he said, without a flicker of hesitation. "The 'Sanctum Hour' is my favorite. I never go to bed at night without a good ghost story."

Head-headed Robert Sword, age 12, came out, swinging his wet towel. "Give me the news every time," he said. "I like to know what's going on. I could listen to news all day."

This is what Duncan Gray, age 8, said: "Hockey's my favorite on the air. Foster Hewitt. That's the guy. I'd rather listen to hockey than see it. The Lone Ranger? Not for me. He stinks. Jack Benny's funny. And I like Rochester. Put me down for 'The Hermit'."

Leonard Handley was 12. He said this: "The Lone Ranger doesn't make sense to me. Now, I like a good speech. Like the ones Roosevelt gives. Now there's a man I can understand. He speaks the truth. You know that when he talks. You can't understand the Lone Ranger."

By this time there were half a

dozen other boys, wet-haired and clean, shouting their likes and dislikes in radio. It was hard to know who said what, but I know that Jim Davidson, age 10, said he liked "Old-time songs." One little shaver said he couldn't stand "Just Mary" on the CBC because her talks were "just for babies." One freckled little fellow liked Abbott and Costello, and another thought Fred Allan was funny. Jack Benny was the best-liked. Two didn't like Amos 'n' Andy. Two hated Singin' Sam. One liked Henry Aldrich. They all disliked operas, speeches they couldn't understand and they couldn't see Superman for trees.

THE story from Ottawa that Donald Manson, chief executive assistant to the General Manager of the CBC, predicts that within the next few months the CBC may have to ration broadcasting intrigues me.

It's a fascinating thought that the day will come when broadcasting will be reduced to say 10 hours a day instead of 18. It would be a real time-saver. People would have more time to devote to war work, instead of sitting around a radio stewing about the war news.

Orchestras could be cut down from 40 pieces to 18. Music critics might notice the difference, but the general public wouldn't suffer in the slightest.

Commercial announcements might be whittled in two, which would delight everybody. The soap operas could be re-written into "short-shorts." All news broadcasts could be cut down to brief bulletins and the remainder of the news could be found "in your daily newspaper." Crooners could sing only a verse and chorus instead of the whole song. Only one side of a record could be played. Oh, the thing has wonderful possibilities!

I HEAR that Lorne Greene, the best news announcer CBC ever produced, has been called for military service; Claire Wallace, heard for many years over CFRB, has now launched a national network program for the War Finance Committee in a human attempt to curb inflation; Writer Jack Alexander, writing in *Saturday Evening Post*, claims that Kate Smith has a weekly audience of 75,000,000 people; I have just left the radio where Bob Bowman has been describing his personal story of the invasion of Dieppe, and it will surely rank as one of the finest eye-witness stories of broadcasting; Elmer Davis, chief of the Office of War Information, told Rex Stout "Swell stuff; keep it up," after his "Our Secret Weapon" program; Pierre Van Paassen subbed for Walter Winchell last Sunday night; in 20 weeks of broadcasting Haven MacQuarrie, of the "Noah Webster" program, received 125,000 fan letters.



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AUTUMN TERM OPENS SEPT. 15th

WORLD OF WOMEN

Turkey's Women Pilots

BY EVERETT LAWSON

TURKEY'S elaborate preparations for any emergency which may threaten her neutral status, have swept aside the last remaining seclusions which once kept the eastern woman apart from the world, and has brought her sharply up against the realities of war. It began with a radio appeal from Ankara for women to join the Kizilay or Turkish Red Cross. But it was not until Sabiha Gokcen appeared upon the scene that the last vestige of the veil disappeared.

Teacher of Flying

The wife of Captain Ali Kemal of the Turkish Air Force, Sabiha Gokcen has now taught dozens of women to fly. She first conceived the idea of an Amazon Air Force some time ago, when she was living in the modernistic villa bequeathed to her by Kemal Ataturk. Sipping sour cherry juice, this bobbed-haired modern little woman enthusiastically explained her plan. At the time she was the only woman pilot in the Turkish Army and had already begun work as a flying instructor—to men.

Something of her dream was realized when the Government backed the formation of the Turk Kusu Kurumu—the Turkish Bird Society. Women—we should call them mere girls—at the age of fifteen, could join the Bird Society and become familiar with its airfields. Following an intensive course of training the most promising members received scholarships in military flying schools.

Today, many of these girls can handle high speed fighters and giant bombers with ease. Their mothers

wore the veil and lived within the shelter of the harem, but these girls wear trousered flying suits and roam the skies. Even more remarkable, not a few of them know a thing or two about parachuting. Some time ago a group of specialists from the U.S.S.R. visited Turkey and taught these women the ways of the paratrooper. They know the technique of descending behind the enemy's lines and cutting his communications. And the machine gun is no mystery to them.

It was this proclamation which settled once and for all the differences between Turkish men and women. "Inasmuch as there should be no difference regarding the rights of the sexes, there should be no differences in the duties asked of them. It is no use pretending that the physiological structure of a woman does not lend itself to military service, for we have proof how peasant women have overcome the same hardship as menfolk."

Today, in consequence, all the women students at the Universities have to take a course in military science. Usually, the course occupies at least one lesson a week, and any woman failing to take it may find herself in a difficult position with her other studies. The military course is not necessarily a fighting affair although it may lead up to that. In the beginning they study mapping, geography, military strategy and small arms.

Transformation

The most astonishing thing is the way these women, born of a sheltered tradition which apportioned them a decorative place in a scented salon, have slipped so easily into the

new way of life, taken up the hardest jobs without a tremor. The law of 1939 calling up all the Turkish peoples from the age of fifteen whether they were men or women, came as something of a shock, but they have carried it out with remarkable efficiency.

It is due, in no small part, to women like Sabiha Gokcen. Sabiha herself probably owes her inspiration to the great Kemal Ataturk. When she was a slender child of thirteen named Guerktchen, Kemal came upon her in the town of Bursa and began to ask her questions. Finally he made her one of his adopted daughters and invited her to Ankara. She was always fascinated by flying, and now, the first dim shape of her ambition began to take more concrete form. Kemal encouraged her to fly. She studied first at the Ankara Aviation school, then went to Russia and finally was admitted to the Army School. Her experience is not just theoretical. She has taken part in actual operations. During the Kurdish insurrection she worked on reconnaissance, machine-gunning and bombing. "I didn't think about the results," she says. "I just did my duty."

Many More

Today there are many more Turkish women like her, ready, if the call comes, to do their duty. Amongst them the lovely Latifa Hanouli. She comes from the Bornovo hills behind Smyrna, where centuries of Turkish women have looked out from the vineyards over the great panorama of Smyrna and its harbor and the sea beyond, and never dreamt what sudden changes would one day revolutionize their kind. Latifa has looked down from her own aeroplane upon Smyrna. The idea would have horrified her forbears. She delights in it.

Back in those fierce, elemental days when Tamerlane and his hordes swept the country, the Turks were great fighters. Now the women, as well as the men, are out to uphold that tradition.



Elissa Landi, who plays the title role of "Mary of Scotland" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the week beginning Monday, August 31.

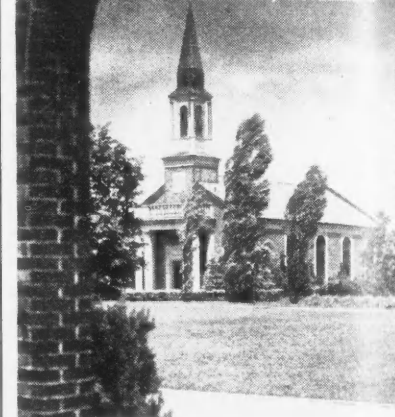


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WORLD OF WOMEN

What is Your "Blood Group"?

BY DORA SMITH CONOVER in collaboration with Dr. Norma Ford

WHAT is your "blood group"? If you don't know, why not have your doctor check on your next visit and have it written on your registration card? The immediate knowledge may save your life after an accident. Or it may help you to save another's.

For blood transfusion is the great modern life saver.

Blood has always had a fascination for man. Shedding it or saving it has been among his most absorbing concerns. In olden times a couple of drops mixed together on the skin made men Blood Brothers for life. In modern times a pint poured into the veins of a patient may well save his life while the donor may go on his casual way without ever even seeing his literal Blood Brother.

Nowadays transfusions are used with the utmost success for a number of conditions. In the beginning they were used only in the direct attempt to restore blood which had been lost. Many of these early transfusions were gratifyingly successful but others were horrifying in that they promptly killed the patient outright. What was the secret between kill or cure? We know now. It is blood groups.

There are four of these blood groups and every human being in the world belongs to some one of them. Furthermore, they don't bear mixing—we don't mean socially but internally. The serum of one group causes almost instant "clumping" of the corpuscles of another group when they come in contact. This is fatal as it causes stoppages in the smaller branches of the blood stream. However, when the donor has blood of the same blood group as the patient, everything is serene and the results are safe and satisfactory.

These four groups are called O, A, B and AB. They were first named by Roman numerals but investigators in different countries numbered them in different order, which led to confusion, so now the numerals have been pretty well discarded and the letters are universally recognized. Better remember them for, whether or not you are passionately interested in blood groups at the moment, there is no telling when you may meet up with them under highly dramatic circumstances. You may as well get a little of the low down on this right now.

Four—All Different

All four have differences both in the corpuscles and the serum. The difference which is capable of clumping the corpuscles (or agglutinating, as the scientists would say) is in the corpuscles and the one which is capable of causing the clumping is in the serum. From then on it is a matter of which corpuscles meet up with which serum. What's more blood can be counted upon to act in the same way each and every time they meet. They do it on a glass slide as well as in the blood stream. It is on a glass slide usually that the tests are made to find out which group the particular sample may belong to.

For instance, serum O plays the devil when mixed with corpuscles of A, B or AB but none of their sera can cause a clump in the corpuscles of O. Serum A, clumps corpuscles of B and AB and its corpuscles are clumped by sera of O and B. Serum B clumps corpuscles of A and AB and its corpuscles are in turn clumped by O and A. Serum AB doesn't do a bit of harm to any of the others but sera of all three are quite ruthless with the corpuscles of AB. It doesn't seem fair—but that's how it is.

The explanation has to do with substances known as antigens A and B. If you have antigen A in your blood, you belong to Group A. If



Leopard bands dramatize a black wool ensemble designed by Orry-Kelly.



Black fringe swings and sways on this black velvet afternoon dress.

you have antigen B, you belong to group B. If you have both, you belong to AB. And if you have neither, you belong to group O. There's the whole story in three letters.

Only, of course, it isn't quite as simple as that. Nothing in science ever is quite as simple as it may appear. We have to know what makes these differences that make the story. It seems they are the work of "genes"—of three genes, to be exact, which have to do with the composition of your blood.

They are named O, A, and B to correspond with the particular group

whose particular action or re-action they condition. O is thought to be the original gene which dominated the blood stream of original man. A and B occurred later as "mutations" which were passed on by inheritance. Group AB has both A and B genes. B is most common in the orient decreasing through the nations as the count sweeps westward giving place to O, while A remains rather constant. AB is by far the least common.

Scientists have made "maps" of these group frequencies which trace where migrations have taken place

and show where mountain ranges prevented blood mixing. The specialists who study the races of mankind are particularly interested in blood groups because they are inherited, because they never change from birth till death and because they are easily determined. Also they aren't affected by selection as are such features as hair (where it is said gentlemen prefer blondes), and they are not conditioned by climate or food as some characteristics such as skin-coloring and stature may be. All this as you see, gives the laugh to Hitler's grandiloquent claim that he and his gangster henchmen are of a "super race."

Inheritance

Blood groups are inherited according to the regular, Mendelian laws of inheritance.

This means that you can't get any characteristic which your parents did not have although you can show many which they did not show because they carried them as hidden or recessive characteristics. In this case A and B are dominants, which means that they always show when present, and O is the recessive. Genes go in pairs and in reproduction one is passed on from each parent making a new pair for each child. It is possible to work out the possible pairs for a child to receive from any given pair of parents.

That is, two parents whose blood group is O can have only group O children since they have no other characteristic to pass on. An AB parent can have no O children even if the other parent is O since he is bound to pass on either A or B and either is dominant over the other's O. By the same token, no AB person can have had an O parent. And so on.

Some years ago two entirely satisfactory baby daughters were taken home from a New York hospital by two mothers on the same day. Later one mother found a piece of adhesive on her baby's body with the wrong name written on it. She thought it must be the wrong child and wanted something done immediately. The other mother thought it was the stickers which were wrong and did not want to give up the baby she had. The authorities were on a spot. Then they thought of blood groups.

It was found that both the first parents were group O and the baby they had taken was group A—so the baby could not belong to them. The second pair of parents were O and AB and the baby was O—so the baby they took could not have been theirs.



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WRITE H. R. WILSON, WABI-KON P.O. TIMAGAMI, ONTARIO

Each pair could have produced the other baby. And so the babies were exchanged and all was serene.

Of course this was a lucky break for both sets of parents might have been of groups which could have produced either baby. That is why in a court of law the blood test may be used to establish that a man is not the father of a certain child but the fact of his being in a possible blood group cannot be used as proof that he is the father of the child. The other man in question might also be of a compatible group. Of course if it is established that the "other man" could not have produced a child of the particular blood group then he at least is clear and the first man has further proving to do.

Of course, it is extremely unlikely that readers of this article will ever become involved with the courts on such a count. But, as we said in the beginning, it is a very good idea to know what one's own blood group is. It can do no harm, and the immediate knowledge may very easily save a life in an emergency.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rapee and Grainger Draw Throng

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN THE summer of 1940 the Promenade Symphony concerts in Varsity Arena established an all-time record in North America for continuous attendance as "indoor" concerts. The Toronto record won more attention in managerial circles in New York than in this city, and added to the prestige of Reginald Stewart, at that time permanent conductor. Last summer, for reasons that need not be recalled, a slump occurred; but this year with a long retinue of guest conductors, it is apparent that only a serious epidemic can prevent the 1940 record from being considerably exceeded. Last week's audience of more than 7700 was the largest on record in connection with these events, and in the previous week attendance ran beyond 7000. Obviously the plan of giving symphonic music at motion picture prices met a basic need, and one that has been intensified by war conditions.

Last week the average attendance was boosted by the fame and popularity of the two guest artists, Erno Rapee, conductor, and Percy Grainger, pianist. Some weeks ago I wrote of the distinction, authority and beauty of expression that mark Mr. Rapee's style, qualities even more evident last week. His numbers included a fascinating novelty, Harold Byrns' Symphonic Paraphrase on melodies from "The Gypsy Baron" by Johann Strauss. In July he played a brilliant transcription from the same hand, but this Paraphrase surpasses it in glow and richness of detail, rendered the more enchanting by Mr. Rapee's vivid and buoyant conducting. Byrns is a newcomer from Europe and a valuable acquisition in a time when most "arranging" is noisy and banal.

On many occasions one has felt that it would be good policy for conductors to play individual movements from a given symphony, instead of the whole work. Mr. Rapee proved the feasibility of this idea with a dynamic rendering of the stirring third movement from Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique" Symphony. More widely adopted the policy would enable us to learn something of composers who were distinguished in their day but whose symphonies taken as a

whole are too ponderous for modern taste. Mr. Rapee is himself an ardent propagandist for the works of Gustav Mahler. Something could be done for his idol by presenting his music in homeopathic doses. When I was an adolescent the symphonies of Raff were all the rage. They have long since been cast into the discard; but Dr. Damrosch in a broadcast a few years ago revived a movement from one that was delightful. There are scores of forgotten symphonies that are by no means dead all through, including a number by English composers. Excerpts would be a remedy for undeserved neglect.

Tchaikowsky fared well on this program; Mr. Rapee also conducted beautifully the Adagio and Waltz from "Serenade for Strings" and the grandiose Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor with Percy Grainger as soloist. After it had been played on platforms for 65 years, Tin Pan Alley not long since discovered its majestic and unforgettable opening melody and stole it for several settings of mawkish verses. It was these atrocities, matched by several other instances, which impelled the B.B.C. to ban such thefts in the Motherland.

Percy Grainger is the most illustrious pupil of the great technical master, Ferruccio Busoni, but his status is not based on pianism, in which he never attained more than second rank. People go to hear him because he is a composer of racy rhythmical masterpieces based on folk song, that will be popular long after he and the rest of us are dead. Two of these, "Shepherd's Hey" and "Country Gardens," he was good enough to play; but something like mock-modesty seems to impel him to thrust his own music into the background. On the occasion of his last two previous visits his pianism was not even second-rate, but it was gratifying to note last week that he had started to practice again. Thus though our own Ernest Seitz can play the Tchaikowsky Concerto much better than he, it was a passable performance. Grainger's touch was rather hard but his execution was fluent and his phrasing noble. The quaint raciness of Guion's "Turkey in the Straw,"

which does not require tenderness of touch, gave him a characteristic opportunity; and in Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and Brahms' "Cradle Song" the beauty of his phrasing was potent, though he could not make his fingers whisper.

Musical Notes

Since the Russian Army retook Klin, near Moscow, from Nazi invaders, Tchaikowsky's former country home, for years, a museum, has been restored. It had been ransacked by

the invaders who seem to have been fortunately ignorant of the value of the contents. They tossed some manuscripts into the snow and used others to heat the garage. They partially destroyed a bust of the composer, but much that could be salvaged remained. One room is being left as a shambles, as the temporary occupants left it, to serve as a permanent memorial of German Kultur.

The veteran Canadian musician Peter Kennedy has retired from the post of organist and choirmaster at St. James-Bond United Church, Toronto, and has been succeeded by Arthur Middleton, M.A., Mus. Bac. Young Middleton's career has been distinguished and versatile, also his academic attainments are high. At the Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, he is head of the Department of French, conducts a students' orchestra, and teaches musical appreciation.

The Record Review

BY JOHN WATSON

JEROME KERN—*All the Things You Are* and *The Song Is You*, John Charles Thomas.
Victor—11-8110.

TWO popular ditties from the pen of the master of Tin Pan Alley. A cut above the average jazz tune but pretty small potatoes for a singer like J. C. T. He apparently feels the same way about them, for he treats them in a very offhand manner, producing only the occasional note to remind us that this is one of the great baritone voices of our day.

BARRY WOOD—Bluebird—B-11553.
Jingle, Jangle, Jingle.

THE fact is, That, while very good bands like Tommy Dorsey's and Glenn Miller's don't even need to practise, Barry Wood Should.

GLENN MILLER—Victor—27873.
American Patrol . . . the genial Mr. Miller would do well to stick to his

own line; his interpretations of martial themes are neither flesh, fish nor . . . well, maybe. B side is *Soldier Let Me Read Your Letter* . . . more wartime slop at the expense of the long-suffering armed forces. Miller still leads the best band in the business—it's worthy of better stuff than this.

DUKE ELLINGTON (Victor 27856).
Moon Mist . . . a sophisticated smoothie with the Duke in top form. Otherside, *The "C" Jam Blues*, a great deal of sound and fury signifying nothing.

"FATS" WALLER (Bluebird-B-11518).

We Need a Little Love . . . The old "Fats" as we used to know him, a-playin' and a-moanin'. Sure to be ace-high with Waller-fans. Flipover, *The Jitterbug Waltz*, is an abortive attempt to make the Hammond Organ a swing instrument. Pretty poor stuff.

AT THE THEATRE

Farce Should Be Farcical


BY LUCY VAN GOGH

WHEN "Petticoat Fever" was first presented in Toronto some three years ago we were not deeply impressed with it. Mr. Dennis King, an accomplished singer in a kind of theatrical entertainment which seemed to be passing away, had decided to transfer his talents to spoken farce, and the results were not wholly satisfying. This week at the Royal Alexandra the role of the Labrador wireless operator ninety miles away from the nearest habitation is taken by Michael Whalen, who puts into it a great deal more of the zip

and zest and energy which it needs. The whole cast works on more vigorous lines, and the accent is put on the more obvious elements of the stage business and on the wisecrack part of the dialogue, which is where it should be. In other words Mr. McCoy as producer has realized that what he is dealing with is not high comedy but pure farce, and has produced accordingly. Pace and clarity and the broad effects have been his concern, and the result is a very amusing evening, none of which need be remembered afterwards except perhaps Mr. Whalen's overwhelming gallantry to his unexpected lady guest from the outside world.

Our own Earle Grey does a thoroughly adequate and appropriate performance as the futile Englishman, and Louise Buckley manages to make the part of the fickle lady consistent and plausible, and always pleasing. Apart from Mr. Whalen, however, individual acting is much less important than group interaction. Cosy Lee is excellent as the Eskimo servant, but we missed the two Eskimo damsels of the original show—who to tell the truth are the part of it that we remember most clearly.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Peaches and Cream

BY JANET MARCH

ONCE, sometime ago, I spent an evening at a meeting of women who after the word "Occupation" on forms put "Housewife". They were a very up and coming group much given to springing to their feet with remarks and questions. The general trend of their discussion gave one the impression that both retailers and wholesalers of food are engaged in a senseless conspiracy to trick the poor housewife into parting with more of her cash than she can spare for the necessities of life. Of course the shopper wants to spend as little as possible so that she can earn the title of "Good Manager" and the seller to make a good profit so the shareholders are pleased with their dividends, but there should be a little piece of common ground where the two groups can meet without drawing blood. If you listened only to the housewives you mightn't think so. They touched on many things that evening from the price of soap to whether the butcher, in the classic manner, still weighs his thumb with the roast.

Until the war reversed so many well established practices, amongst them the desire of manufacturers to sell you their dwindling stores, all up and down the country earnest groups of men used to meet together to devise how best to tempt the public. "A new label, gentlemen, with a picture of a luscious peach on it will up our sales," I can imagine a paunchy board member saying weightily to the canning company board. Well now according to my housewives they didn't care a bit about the fancy picture but they wanted it to say on the can how many pieces of peaches there were inside. "Hif they're big 'alves a can don't go so far," said one housewife forcibly. Surely when we get to building our brave new world there will be some better way for the gentlemen of the board to hear the housewives' view. Most big concerns have wisely installed consumer divisions but they have only scratched the surface of the problem. It is a pity that so many of the housewife group are convinced that the world is waiting to rob them, while the gentlemen of the board lie awake nights trying to please these same ladies.

Price ceiling legislation has not eased the situation. The theory of the individual price ceiling for each shop just seems too hard for some

sharp shoppers to understand and they bubble and squeak with tales of rising prices which often are proved false. After all, the ceiling is there for our protection and the wholesaler and the retailer are both struggling hard to continue to supply their customers. The unfortunate grocer can't whistle up the cheap grade of tea he used to stock because there just isn't any of it in the country, nor can the sheep farmer persuade his sheep to grow wool twice as long so that men may once again have two pairs of trousers with each suit. The more understanding we give to the merchants whose world is reeling more dizzily even than the consumer's, the better we'll all get on together.

One of the things the housewives didn't like was red netting on peaches. They said it was deceiving, which indeed it is, though personally I just tear a corner off and look inside. I got to thinking about netting though, and wondering if it was left off if we wouldn't be given a basket of peaches filled level the way apples and tomatoes are packed. Who the benefactor was who started heaping peach baskets is unknown, but the consumer should love him dearly. Heaped baskets must be much harder to ship, and if we women get to murmuring about netting we'll probably be given all too gladly a sparsely filled naked basket at the same price of admittance. The red netting certainly makes us look at our peaches through rose colored spectacles, but would peaches look better under yellow, blue or green? We'd still have to tear a corner loose under the savage brown eye of a gentleman whose ancestors came from Italy. Better not kick about the netting or there will be one less quart of peaches per basket, which isn't worth the privilege of looking at your fruit naked.

The peaches are early this year and seem very good, so of course you will be bottling a good many. Just in case you haven't the time to turn it up here's how to do them.

Bottled Peaches

Use ripe peaches, and if they don't peel easily put them in boiling water for less than a minute and then dip them in cold water and the skins

will come off. Cut in quarters or halves. Make a syrup of one and a half cups of sugar to three of water, unless you like your fruit very sweet. Add one cracked stone for every quart of syrup as it improves the flavor. Simmer the peaches in the syrup for about six minutes and then pack them in hot sterile jars, and pour on boiling syrup. Almost tighten the rings and stand the bottles in a hot water bath and leave them there for twenty minutes after the water has come to the boil. Then take out the bottles and tighten the tops.

The peaches you don't bottle you will be using as dessert, and as they are a pretty sweet fruit you won't have to use much of your sugar ration on them. Freshly cut with cream, and a very little sugar makes the finest kind of dish, but you mayn't want to eat them this way seven days a week, and also even the most careful shopper the odd time gets a basket which isn't as well flavored as it might be, but if you disguise them by cooking all is well.

Peach Charlotte

- 6 slices of bread
- Butter
- Brown sugar
- 3 cups of sliced peaches
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water

Simmer the peaches very gently in the water till they are soft. Grease a baking dish and line it with the slices of bread generously buttered on both sides. Sprinkle some brown sugar on the bottom and sides of the dish before putting in the bread. Sprinkle more sugar on the slices and then pour on the peaches and cover with a whole slice of bread also buttered on both sides. Put more brown sugar on the top and cook in a moderate oven until the bread is brown and crisp at the corners and sticky.

Peach Roll

- 2 cups of flour
- 3 teaspoons of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 4 tablespoons of shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk

Sift the dry ingredients, then cut in the shortening. Add milk to make a soft dough and turn onto a board and knead for half a minute. Then roll into a piece about a foot square.

The Filling

- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 2 cups of finely cut peaches
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cinnamon

Spread the biscuit dough with the butter, and then cover with the peaches, and sprinkle with the brown sugar mixed with the cinnamon. Roll up the roll and bake in a hot oven for about thirty-five minutes.

QUIZARD

I LISTEN to ten quizzes nightly,
And now their interesting data
Have packed my intellect so tightly
With heaven knows what strata
Of tight-wedged facts, it's pretty plain
I'll never get them out again.

There was a time when I was able
To say "Inferno? That's by
Bunyan."
"A classic friendship? That's the
fable
Of Damon's love for Runyan."
I'd say while jealous friends would
gape:
"Da capo? That's a bandit's cape."

My cells of memory grow poor.
Ten thousand facts lie half-forgotten.
The information's there, I'm sure;
The filing system's rotten.
Would I could telephone each cell!
(The phone's inventor? Gertrude
Bell.)

DAVID BROCK.



Many unusual details add style interest to the town suit worn by Ilka Chase. First, it's rust wool striped in navy. Then the shawl "collar" of the jacket isn't a collar, although it has the effect of being one because the lapels only begin at the point where the pockets are placed high up near the shoulders. The skirt is only slightly flared.



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MAY RICHSTONE.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Beauty Tips for the Teens

BY ISABEL MORGAN



Lipstick applied in heavy gobs Comes off in chunks, leaves messy daubs, Use a brush to bring color out, Nothing more to worry about.



Pat powder in to make it stay On the skin in such a way That hasty powder puff repairs Do not amount to hourly cares.



Don't overwork those tweezers, dear, In such a way your brows look queer, Make them behave and stay in line, Don't make changes in their design.



"Keep it clean and brush it well," Said grandma to Little Nell, "Listen to me—my words are sage— Don't wear a wig when you're my age."



Rouge and lipstick and powder, cream, And all the rest to make one a dream, And quite often some water and soap To take it all off, I hope, I hope.



Nails that glitter in brilliant hues Are attractive—give them their dues— But when the polish is chipped and crass, It's sure sign she's a careless lass.

Wake Up To Breakfast

BY ESTHER FOLEY

THE pattern of breakfast is the pattern of laughter. No breakfast, no laughter. Just yawns at ten o'clock, and a quick cup of coffee at eleven. To burst unprepared, unfed, upon a day of work is a sad thing, and poor economy. To eat enough to tantalize but not satisfy the stomach is a bad thing. To eat what will not add up to a good diet is a foolish thing. It never pays to sidestep the starting point. Once that point is well and safely hurdled, the day unfolds in peaceful ways.

Certain foods naturally belong to breakfast. And these foods are the ones which will be skipped for the day—if breakfast is skipped. Cereals and breads. Eggs. Stewed fruit or fruit juice.

The roughage, the water, the iron and other minerals, the B vitamins, that are in cereal, the added food value of the milk eaten with it, are a tonic to a stomach empty since midnight. The whole body quickens and comes awake... that is the duty of cereal at breakfast.

Any fruit, fresh or dried, is good to serve at breakfast. But it is better, if possible, to serve a fruit known

for its vitamin C content, a sort of salute to the health of the teeth and the throat. Oranges, grapefruit, or their juices, fresh apples, not peeled, tomato juice, all do just this.

If eggs appear on the breakfast menu, the war effort is helped. And a good bit of protein is added toward the day's total requirement; and some iron to prevent anemia and consequent fatigue; and some vitamin A and some of the B vitamins, as well as many of the minerals needed to keep the blood composition stable.

But Hearty

Griddle cakes and sausages, waffles and bacon, fried cornmeal mush, omelets, chicken livers or kidneys on toast, hot breads, all mean breakfast, but in the largest sense. These foods are for Sunday morning or vacation days when an hour is a short time to spend over an affable cup of coffee.

But for the weekday worker, a simpler pattern is all that is necessary.

The volume of food at breakfast can and should be fitted to the other meals. If lunch is to be crammed into a half hour, breakfast should be generous. Fruit or fruit juice, cereal with milk or cream, egg and bacon, buttered toast and coffee, and 25 minutes of eating time.

If lunch time is peaceful and dinner ample, a very simple breakfast is all that is needed. A fruit or fruit juice, a cereal with milk, or whole wheat or enriched bread toasted and buttered, a beverage, and 15 minutes of eating time.

If there is to be a long time between breakfast and lunch, an ample breakfast with an extra touch of something sweet for additional energy is the thing. Fruit or fruit juice, cereal, or an egg on toast, a beverage, and a sweet bun or doughnut to restrain hunger.

Those who go without breakfast go without the formality of breakfast. They do eat food. Coffee with sugar and cream before leaving the house, the same again at the drug store near the office. A candy bar at ten o'clock. Another cup of coffee in the office cafeteria before noon, and

maybe a doughnut. Stimulating, but not one tenth of all this counts toward the needs of your body.

Life these days requires such careful planning of energy spending. Equally great planning is necessary to keep the supply high lest we give out more than we take in. There are penalties as far as health is concerned, for going ahead on body reserves. If a body is tired all day, if work is carried on under constant protest, more energy is being given out than is taken in, and if the cause is searched for, it will be found in a missing breakfast.

No Trouble At All

Breakfast must be no such thing as "too much trouble." Not in the face of its importance. A hole-in-the-wall kitchen with a place to boil water, a small saucepan and a spoon will get together an adequate breakfast. The orange reamer, perhaps, is the only utensil necessary that does not have to be in the kitchen anyway. And in case you have another reason for passing up breakfast... this meal does not put on fat. If breakfast puts on weight, the weight is not due to breakfast, but to dessert at lunch and dinner, or to before-dinner cocktail snacks... unnecessary food. Breakfast is necessary food.

Urban Habit

It is only in our cities and in the suburbs that breakfast has lost its proper place in the scheme of eating. Dawn train-catchers, working wives, hurry-uppers tumble into the business of the day pell-mell. Plan a pause in the morning's occupation and make it the breakfast hour. We have learned to eat lunch at certain hours. We have learned to eat dinner at certain hours. And we respect these hours mightily. But the breakfast hour has been lost. Find it again. It has a useful purpose in the busiest life. Your health and your strength require that the fast of the night be broken.

If, as the years pass, many breakfasts have been missed, aches and pains will announce a youthful strength lost too soon. And for what? To catch a train?

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THE OTHER PAGE

The End of the Summer

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

"LIMA beans and baked beans won't make a very good supper," Robert pronounced darkly, holding up one can in each hand.

"Last year we were left with three kinds of beans," his mother answered calmly, beginning to sort the pile of magazines on the table. "Lima, baked and string. Remember? We ate them too."

"Why do the beans always get left till last?" Marian wailed. "It's bad enough to have to go home without eating all those beans."

"You keep putting them off, that's why they're left. Why don't we ever finish a crossword puzzle? We ought to make ourselves fill every single space." She scrunched one of the grubby half-worked squares and nodded at Robert. "You can't expect well-balanced meals the last day. One can't eat beans this evening and one for lunch tomorrow just before the train. You don't want these paper dolls, do you, Marian?"

Once more she had put the question badly for Marian pounced on them crying, "Oh mom, I looked every place for Cecile and Yvonne. Where were they?"

"But you don't want to take them home, there's so much to pack and you've got plenty—"

"Oh but Emilie and the rest are at home. I have to get the family together. I'll hold them in my hand all the way."

Douglas came in carrying a large bottle and a very large fungus shaped like half an umbrella.

"That makes the lunch box and her doll and the doll's suitcase and the comic books that Marian's going to carry in her hand," he said. "These things have to go."

His mother sat down suddenly on the stripped couch.

"Oh Douglas, not that big bottle and full of stuff too. We'll need it next summer for the primus stove, so why can't we leave it here?"

"It'll freeze and burst."

"Methylhydrate is something like alcohol, isn't it? Alcohol won't freeze."

"Well, it'll deteriorate," Douglas answered firmly. "It has to go."

"You mean you want it to play with at home?"

"I want it to experiment with. And say, mom, did you ever see a better fungus?" I wanted one of the dark red varnished kind and this is the biggest I've ever seen."

"We're not taking that home! Douglas, don't you dare say it!"

"I didn't say a word," He lodged the fungus in an open club bag and began to hedge it lovingly round with crumpled paper.

"When I think of what there is to put in," his mother groaned.

"Can I have a box to put my moss collection in?" Robert asked. "Can I have the tin marshmallow box?"

"You can not! I've wanted a box like that for years for my sewing things." Douglas ruined the one last summer with his orchids and then the orchids died. And anyway you're not taking the moss collection."

"Moss! I got the biggest collection I ever did twenty-nine varieties and they're growing swell. I'm going to plant them by the garage at home."

"The yard is too sunny for moss and you're not taking it."

"Douglas is taking that old fungus. You let him take everything he wants to."

"I'm not taking his collection of stones."

"Why?" Douglas cried. "I have to take that. I've got it all ready to go."

She stood up and stared into his eyes. "Stones or fungus, one or the other! The stones will keep," she asked sweetly, thinking of their appalling weight and number, "but you might never find such a beautiful fungus again."

She felt as though her feeble hand crowded into a crumbling dyke was holding back all ocean's force. They had argued for days about what things should be taken home and what left behind and had arrived at a fairly reasonable solution but at sight of the open dunnage bags pre-arrangements were forgotten. Out came the water wings which had lost their valve, the lifebelt with a hole in it from which drifted cream-

colored nubbins of kapok, the perfectly intact stove lid found in the wreckage of a long-ago-burned cottage, the perfectly good board from the new cottage which was being built down the shore.

"If we owned the place instead of renting it, we could leave most of the stuff here," she said longingly.

"Oh no, mom, we need these things at home. I'm going to make something out of that board and we need the stove lid to remember the burned cottage by."

"Water wings are no good without the valve."

"We might find it. I'm almost sure it's in my top dresser drawer at home. They're perfectly good water wings all but the valve."

"I wish I could have made a mushroom collection the way I did last year," Douglas remarked as he settled his fungus so securely into its packings that his mother would not dare to dislodge it.

"Do you remember how we had puffballs every day last August? Even for breakfast. And this year not one."

IN THE city a summer was just a summer. We are all bound to the earth but in the city the tether is a long one. Concrete and macadam stand between us and the soil; the furnace, the street car and motor car hold off the cold and rain. Snow can hardly be said to fall where shovels meet it almost before it touches the ground, and passing swiftly from door to car one could go about all day scarcely knowing whether it was raining or not. Here at the cottage weather bulked enormous and comparisons took on momentous significance.

Last summer had been a wet summer when between showers they had picked blueberries, raspberries, blackberries by the quart, and counted that day a cipher in which at one meal at least they had not feasted on puffballs. This year the hillslopes had showed in July the brown of October and leaves rustled dryly in the clearings where raspberries had hung by thousands their luminous crimson cups. The raspberry bushes were stiff yellow sticks this summer and in the sand-pit the blackberry bushes showed a few wizened fruits, seeds covered sparsely with dull bluish skin. And this year not one puffball, though they had scoured the morning after each meagre shower, the stony pasture where last year puffballs had swelled in such profusion.

What a time these last hours were for remembering.

"We only had one picnic to the wishing well this year," Robert lamented, "and last year we had two."

"But this year we had the all-day steamer trip," his mother reminded him.

"Next year let's have the steamer trip and two picnics to the wishing well. And we haven't had our canoe trip yet."

"That will have to wait till your father can stay longer. We'd better have a fire in the stove now, Douglas, and I'll open the supper."

THE last evening. A weight hung on them all. Through the winter they had looked forward to the holidays, only yesterday they had jumped off the train and come running through the woods to see whether the cottage was really there and now by a kind of sleight of hand the summer was over and they were going back to the city which they had only just left. In a way they had only just left it and in another way they had left it so long ago that none of them could remember what it was like. In a way the summer had passed in the flicker of an eyelid, in another way it stretched radiantly back and back, a ribbon of lovely memories, walks in the gold-green woods, a vast red moon standing portentous above the black pine-points, green water frothing from the boat's

stern, sun-warmed grey rocks, the wild ducks rushing in a wide triangle across the bay, a drift of jewelweed, each shining blossom hung magically on an invisible thread.

One thing was clear—no one wanted to go back.

"School," Robert groaned and the others, in rare accord, groaned with him.

"The telephone," their mother thought bitterly, "I can't possibly go back to the telephone. The nearest telephone is two miles from here and no cottage has a doorbell."

For bad measure, on this last evening, the rain began. Lustreless, pewter-colored waves piled ceaselessly against the dock and the trees magnified the sound of the shower, sending down a kind of double rain.

MORNING came cool and wet with the promise of clearing. Now they were in the final agonies, the rounding-up, the clearing-out, the getting-everything-in-somewhere. The first bags had been easy to pack as the hand selected tractable articles and arranged them at leisure. Now came the objects left until the last—all pointed, heavy, thick or angular—and the towels and socks and pullovers used for packing had run out long ago. The cat jumped into each half-packed bag and settled there, only, when someone cast him out, to settle on to the softer surfaces of the next bag. Last year paper napkins had run short, this year there was a pile left over to be thrust in somewhere. There were the picture postcards bought for friends and never sent and the postcards received from friends on other lakes, all looking exactly alike. The stove top was red all morning with the final burning-up of paper airplanes, cardboard cartons made into silos or theatres, the serial stories saved to read and never read, the comic pages read to fragments.

"Mom, we never cleaned out the boat and it's got my fleet in it and two tin pans," Robert remembered.

"Oh, and my bathing suit and my other running shoes. They're wet."

"Marian, I told you to dry them yesterday. Get them quick."

"Douglas has to help. Where's Douglas?"

IT WAS time to heat the last dinner of beans, time to row the luggage to the dock, time to dress in the carefully laid-out travelling clothes, for in two hours the train would leave. And Douglas had not been seen for half an hour. At least the stove was hot. Running footsteps thudded on the spongy path and Douglas burst into the kitchen as his mother reached down the ultimate can of beans.

"Hold that can opener!" he cried exultantly. "Look what I found!"

It filled his hand, a graciously rounded object with a surface like beige crepe.

"A puffball!" Marian screamed.

"Oh Doug, where'd you find it?"

"In the pasture. I just hustled up there to look. I thought we ought to find one for the whole summer." He picked up the can of beans. "I can find a swell place for this in the dunnage bag."

"Robert, can you get me eggs from the farm and be very quick?"

"Boy, can I!" He was gone.

The hardest problems of the packing resolved somehow after the puffball omelet had been eaten. Sport was shut into one bedroom and the cat into another until time to go to the train. Through all the noise of voices and slamming doors, the running in and out, the "Where is my this" and the "You didn't pack my that," slowly, somehow, things got done. The last dunnage bag had been heaved downhill and the loaded rowboat moved deliberately toward the government dock where a truck waited to carry the bags to the station.

Or where a truck should wait.

Douglas would see to that. His mother walked over floors swept unnaturally clean, turning from the pitiful, bereft look of the bare mattresses and empty shelves. Nothing remained but her allotted share of things to carry—her purse and jacket and the zipper bag with the medicines and her camera in it—what a sinister combination, she thought in alarm, but she couldn't unpack it now—and the cat basket and Sport on his leash with the muzzle dangling maddeningly beneath his chin.

She woke from one more dream, turned from one more perfect poem to the long prose of the year. The sun had come out at this last moment, threading a gold ribbon through the wet leaves and across the soggy dark red path. Oh, she couldn't leave it all, she couldn't possibly. At the same instant, remembering the children's parting command, she picked up the cat basket in one hand and the zipper bag in the other, got the end of Sport's leash around her wrist

and was jerked off down the path at his heels before she could look back.

And now the film they had eagerly watched in June unrolling from city to suburb to farm to rock and lake began to roll up inexorably again. From dark and rough and sharp they passed gradually to fair and rounded and smooth as cottages became farmhouses and farmhouses lost their barns and lawns and moved closer and closer together and became towns. The children, between fatigue and reaction, sat listlessly silent as twilight clouded the now sunny countryside in which towns appeared ominously closer and closer together.

"It's dreadful," their mother thought, watching them, "to see them being dragged back like this, hating to come, hating everything."

Lights pricked out here and there, now they could see on the southern sky a diffused pink glow. Douglas leaned forward pointing it out to Marian. They spoke softly but in quickened voices.

"I wonder what botany will be like?" Douglas murmured. "I always wanted to take botany."

"Oh dear," Marian exclaimed. "I can hardly wait to see Joan. She's been back a whole week."

"It's a good thing we got that board in," Robert observed. "I'm going to make a shelf out of it to put things on. I'll be glad to get back to my tools."

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P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Natural Rubber May Be Permanently Superseded

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Carl Reinke

AS A newspaperman Carl Reinke has spent most of his life being anonymous, except on those occasions, not infrequent, when an extra good story gained him a "by-line", the passing attention of the man-in-the-street and the envy of his fellows on whatever paper he happened to be working for.

Now, however, as Executive Assistant to Elliott Little, Director of National Selective Service, Mr. Reinke is a man very much "in the public eye" and likely to be more so as the gigantic plan of allocating Canadian manpower for war rolls faster and faster and affects the lives of more and more of us.

Until recently chief of the news and feature staff of the Office of Director of Public Information, Carl Reinke has been directly associated with the Government's war program since December of 1940 when he was drafted for service with the Ottawa censorship bureau. After a year in this department he was loaned to the Office of Director of Public Information from which he assisted the Wartime Prices and Trade Board during its organization period. While in Ottawa he has also done publicity for the National War Labor Board, serving as well as liaison man between the W.T.P.B. and N.W.L.B.

Carl Reinke—he is 37 years old—is by birth a rural, not a city man. He was born in Ancaster, Ontario, where his forebears took up land many generations ago. His primary education

was secured in Hamilton, Ontario, his later scholastic training at Toronto University from which he graduated in 1929, shortly after joining the staff of the old "Mail and Empire". Apparently Mr. Reinke was set on becoming a lawyer for the following year he enrolled at Osgoode Hall. There he attended classes in the mornings and continued his work with the "Mail and Empire" in the afternoons and evenings. All this represented a heavy physical and mental strain and though Mr. Reinke successfully finished two years of a three-year course he was forced to abandon his training for the law in favor of life as a full-time newspaperman.

As such he continued with the "Mail and Empire" until 1936 when he became a member of the press gallery staff of The Canadian Press at Ottawa. It was as a representative of C.P. that he travelled with the Rowell-Sirois Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations during its seven-month schedule of hearings in Ottawa and the provincial capitals. He says now he "wouldn't trade that first hand course in Canadian social, political and economic development for any other experience he has ever had" and, needless to say, it was an experience that must have played a big part in fitting him for his present Selective Service job.

Another asset Carl Reinke brings to the job of Executive Assistant to the Director of Selective Service is a practical knowledge of labor affairs gained as a labor reporter in Toronto and as a one-time manual worker during university days when in holiday periods he worked in steel mills, railway construction camps and industrial plants.

Sedley A. Cudmore

WHEN a short time ago thousands of Canadians picked up their newspapers and learned they would soon receive their first wartime cost-of-living bonus, few of them probably gave any thought to a man named Sedley Anthony Cudmore. Nonetheless, without Mr. Cudmore and his staff of statisticians at Ottawa, Canada would have been hard put to produce the information on which to justify payment of the bonus or, in other words, to show conclusively that the cost of living had advanced to a point where the bonus was necessary.

Consequently, while a somewhat retiring citizen of Ottawa, Sedley Cudmore and others like him is a man who ought to be "in the public eye" now and then, just to let the people know how much value they get from their behind-the-scenes officials at Ottawa.

As the comparatively new chief of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Mr. Cudmore by his record makes an ideal successor to his one-time boss, Dr. Robert H. Coats who after creating the Bureau of Statistics many years ago retired from it this Spring. As one to fill Dr. Coats' place, you might say Sedley Cudmore was just made to order.

In need of an editor for the Canada Year Book, Dr. Coats invited the present Bureau chief to Ottawa in 1919 to act as a general statistician. Since then, Mr. Cudmore has been the man largely responsible for the Year Book's annual appearance. But he also made himself a statistical authority on trade and correlated mat-

ters, to such an extent that Prime Minister MacKenzie King took him to the Imperial Conference of 1926 as his chief economic advisor. He was also one of Mr. Bennett's economic experts at the 1932 Ottawa Conference and in 1935 he was loaned to the Government of Palestine to organize a statistical department.

Mr. Cudmore is a member of various learned bodies such as the Royal Economic Society, the Royal Statistical Society and the International Institute of Statistics of which he is one of three Canadian members. He has also served as secretary-treasurer and vice-president of the Canadian Political Science Association. He has been a frequent contributor to economic journals and other publications and has two books to his credit, "A History of the World's Commerce" and "Applied Economics".

Born in Ireland in 1878, Sedley Cudmore came to Canada as a boy. After early schooling in Brampton, Ontario, he went to Toronto University from which he graduated with honors in 1905. Having won a Rhodes Scholarship, he spent the next three years of scholastic life at Wadham College, Oxford. Following that he joined the staff of Toronto University as a lecturer in political economy and later was promoted to assistant professor.



IN THE presence of a great emergency, synthetic rubber may come in with a bang.

In these prophetic words an eminent scientist, a few years ago, predicted the future. That emergency is now upon us, our situation is desperate, the plantation areas that formerly furnished a million tons of rubber a year are now in the hands of our enemies and we turn, as we must turn, to science, asking her to do in less than two years what it took nature some fifty years to accomplish in plantation work.

In this war the chemist is supreme and one of this greatest jobs is the manufacture of synthetic rubber.

Before the present conflict over 80% of the world's production of rubber came from the cultivated plantations of the Malay States and the Dutch East Indies, areas now entirely overrun by Japan. No complete figures are available as to what portions of those plantations were subjected to the "scorched earth" policy by the British and the Dutch when they were being ousted, but we do know that the destruction was by no means complete, so that Japan will be able to add to her much needed supplies.

Whatever the future may hold for the cultivated product in those areas in post-war days, it will be years be-

fore any substantial amount is available to the former owners, for it may be taken for granted that Japan will finish the policy of complete destruction when she, in her turn, is being driven out.

Nothing will be left for the victorious allies that our defeated enemies can possibly destroy, despite any promises or pledges that they may make in their defeat or last days of the struggle. We all recall that in the last war, Germany, after signing the most stringent armistice terms by which hostilities ceased, shamelessly, treacherously, deliberately and gloatingly scuttled her warships at

Scapa Flow. It is not guesswork, therefore, to say that plantation rubber, if revived at all in post-war days, will have to start from scratch, as these cultivated areas will have been completely annihilated.

It takes about seven years from the time of planting until the first tapping of the rubber tree and full production is not reached till about the tenth year. The latex or milk from one tree for a full year produces just about enough rubber for an average sized automobile tire.

Synthetic rubber is, therefore, not only a "must" proposition for our immediate needs, but will continue

When the Japanese overran Malaya and the Dutch East Indies about 90% of the world's production of rubber was no longer available to the allied nations.

The synthetic program came to the fore with a rush but got off to a bad start due to much confused thought. Out of the welter of opinion and pork barrel interests, sanity is at last prevailing and to-day we have a definite program,—namely rubber mainly from oil and alcohol in the proportion of about three to one.

Two years at the outside is the time allocated to reach the annual volume that it took nature fifty years to attain in the plantation product.

There are those who predict that natural rubber may never regain its former position.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

What Business Is Non-Essential?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

NON-ESSENTIAL civilian activities are to be curtailed and even completely eliminated, the nation was told last week, in order that the manpower employed therein may be made available for war services. While there is no doubt that the Canadian people will loyally support any course of action needed to increase the power of the national war effort, this column feels that Mr. King's speech is open to criticism on at least two grounds, one that he did not furnish evidence to support so extreme a course of action, and the other that his statement was worded in such a way as to do needless hurt to national morale, already weakened by the conscription-for-overseas bungling and other evidences of governmental inefficiency in the face of an increasingly serious situation on the fighting fronts.

Mr. King spoke of non-essential civilian business in a manner to suggest that business so classified could well be eliminated without any loss to society. This is not the case, of course, and Mr. King knows well that it is not, but he didn't say so (it would have been much better if he had). He was referring to business that is non-essential in the extreme conditions of total war, and he completely failed to show any awareness of the fact that much, at least, of the business and production that are non-essential now will be decidedly essential immediately the war ends. When that day dawns there will be a sudden and complete end to the usefulness of the now-so-essential munitions and other war industries, and an enormous dependence on civilian business to provide gainful employment for the hundreds of thousands of men and women now in war services and to produce the goods and services which will then be so urgently needed.

The Government Can't Support Us

Certainly society is going to be in very serious trouble if business—private business, and a large part of it the class of business at present termed non-essential—is then not able to take on the task of producing those goods and providing that employment. Who else can do it? The Government? But, even if we were willing to go in for a completely collectivist society, it would be impossible to organize so vast and complex a system quickly enough to meet the needs of the situation. It should be noted that a government-directed economy is much easier to build in wartime than in peacetime, for the reason that in war there is a common objective which everybody recognizes and the winning of which is admittedly all-important, whereas in peace there is no such unanimity of aim or willingness to sacrifice. If the state tried to regiment us in peacetime as it is regimenting us in war, we should revolt overnight. No, the post-

war task is one for private enterprise, for civilian production which is "non-essential" to a considerable degree at the present time.

Men and women who have given their lives, and in many cases all their savings, to the building up of enterprises now called non-essential, skilled workers who are entirely dependent on them for means of livelihood, and those in the war services who have been counting on the assurances given them that they can return to their old jobs on demobilization and who now see that many of these jobs will not then be in existence, are far from satisfied with the Prime Minister's statement that the situation requires the elimination of non-essential activity. Is this really necessary, they are asking, or is it merely the easiest solution at the moment? The Prime Minister did nothing to reassure doubters on this point, and he should have made it his business to do so. Even given such assurance, a people which has watched the Government's political manoeuvrings in many vital war issues cannot feel certain that politics will not have a hand in determining the essentiality or otherwise of enterprises by which many of them live.

Need Healthy Non-War Nucleus

An "all-out" war effort, which is what the people and presumably the Government want, certainly cannot flourish in an atmosphere of distrust and resentment. If these latter exist at the present time, and there is reason to think they do, it is because the people so vitally affected by the Government's measures of repression have not been convinced that they are essential. Convincing evidence that the Government is trying to preserve civilian business, so far as this is compatible with war requirements, would do much to create the right spirit.

The truth is that the Government has a duty today which goes far beyond even the Herculean one of mobilizing the nation's full resources for war. It is obvious that the first great requirement is that the war shall be won, since without victory we shall find ourselves sooner or later in the position of Poland or Occupied France today. But it is equally true, though less obvious in the pressure of war, that we must win the peace as well as the war. And that involves the most careful nursing now of the elements in our economy to which we shall again have to look for support after the war. Yet some of these elements have already been destroyed, and many others are going to be in the process of further reducing civilian activities. If we are to survive the peace after the war, the Government must do more than increase the war effort; it must strive to maintain, in as good health as possible, at least the nucleus of a non-war productive system capable of rapid expansion when the time comes.

to be a "must" proposition from the first days of peace. The demands of delayed civilian needs will be such that synthetic production will be kept at top notch for years to come, irrespective of the fate of plantation rubber.

The Present Problem

Today's task for synthetic rubber is Herculean, but not impossible. In 1938 the world's production of natural rubber was about 1,200,000 tons, of which over 80% came from the cultivated areas now overrun by Japan, about 10% to 12% from India and the West Coast of Africa (Liberia and Nigeria) and about 6% from wild trees, mainly from Brazil.

The trickling 10% or 12% of cultivated rubber left us added to the wild production is but a drop in the bucket and neither can be increased to any appreciable extent. Science is asked to bridge the gap in the shortest possible time.

Fortunately we do not have to start from scratch in the knowledge and technique of producing synthetic rubber and in that respect we are in a position comparable to that of Germany, yea, even ahead of Germany, despite the head-shakings and groanings of pessimists and Jeremiahs to the contrary. In effect we are in a happier position than Germany for our technique in dealing with the oil hydrocarbon is greater than that of Germany and we have much greater latitude as to the choice of raw material.

Oil is supreme as a basic raw material as some of the "fractions" of oil are already closely akin to rubber and other fractions can easily be brought into the same kinship. Starting with oil as a basic mater-

They combine in more forms than any two other elements in nature or for that matter any two or more elements, for there are only about 277,000 known compounds found in the world and the hydrocarbon class, carbon and hydrogen only, is considerably more than one-third of the total. It is the paradise of the chemist.

Rubber is composed of a single combination of carbon and hydrogen, in the form of five atoms of carbon to eight of hydrogen. Petroleum, on the other hand, is composed of a multitude of combinations from gas to the very heaviest oils and even to a solid like paraffin wax.

Alcohol is not a hydrocarbon as it is composed of carbon, hydrogen and a third element, oxygen, and this third element has to be eliminated before we can even get an intermediate product from which rubber can finally be made. If coal is used as a starting point, it must be turned into oil by adding hydrogen to get a start for the rubber molecule. With oil, we are already half way.

Nature of Petroleum

Petroleum was formerly separated into its different parts by "straight" distillation and by such method gasoline was a varying quantity, some oils being rich in gasoline and some poor. With the advent of the automobile, more gasoline was obtained by "cracking" or splitting the heavier molecules of oil which produced lighter hydrocarbons and by proper control much of this split product was gasoline. Concurrently, however, many molecules much lighter than gasoline were produced in gaseous form and very often there was no satisfactory market for this "by-product" gas that was thus produced incidentally from the cracking of oil.

Again the chemist came to the rescue and found that he could take those extremely light fractions, merge them together or make aggregations of them, and produce gasoline or any other type of oil molecule. It is the reverse of cracking, it is building up. This building up, or synthesis is called "polymerization" and is one of the big steps in petroleum technique. The chemist now handles oil down or up the scale at will. Polymerization of certain fractions of oil produces the rubber molecule.

In the last war, Germany made a small amount of synthetic rubber, about 2,400 tons in all, but the product as then made was unsatisfactory. With the end of the war and the Treaty of Versailles, raw material and money were made available to Germany by the United States and Great Britain with a lavish hand. Germany, seeing no reason for using inferior material when good money and good material were hers for the asking, discontinued the synthetic production for the time being.

Under the Hitler policy, synthetic production was revived with an improved process, the program for 1938 calling for 20,000 tons which is believed to have now reached about 100,000 tons a year.

Allied Plans

The allies opposing the axis group need about 1,000,000 tons of rubber a year to replace what they formerly obtained from plantation areas. With our abundant resources and mass production methods it is only a question of time when this goal will be reached. It is scheduled to be in less than two years.

In the United States alone they plan a yearly production of 600,000 tons from oil, 200,000 tons from alcohol and about 20,000 tons from benzene, a coal tar product. It takes about three and one-half tons of oil or about ten tons of grain, (turned into alcohol), to produce a ton of rubber.

The United States will produce about 35,000 tons of the synthetic product this year, about 350,000 tons in 1943 and 800,000 tons in 1944. Canada's program calls for about 40,000 tons.

There is not a single step or a single chemical reaction in the production of synthetic rubber that is not standard and well known to the industrial chemist. It needed but the adoption of an "all-out" policy with ample money behind it to put syn-

thetic rubber on the map. It was not the chemist that was timorous or uncertain, but money or vested interests, that prevented synthetic rubber from getting greater support earlier. The emergency sweeps aside these obstacles. If there is any lack anywhere, it is not in the processes or the application of processes, but a lack of critical materials, especially steel, with which to build the plants.

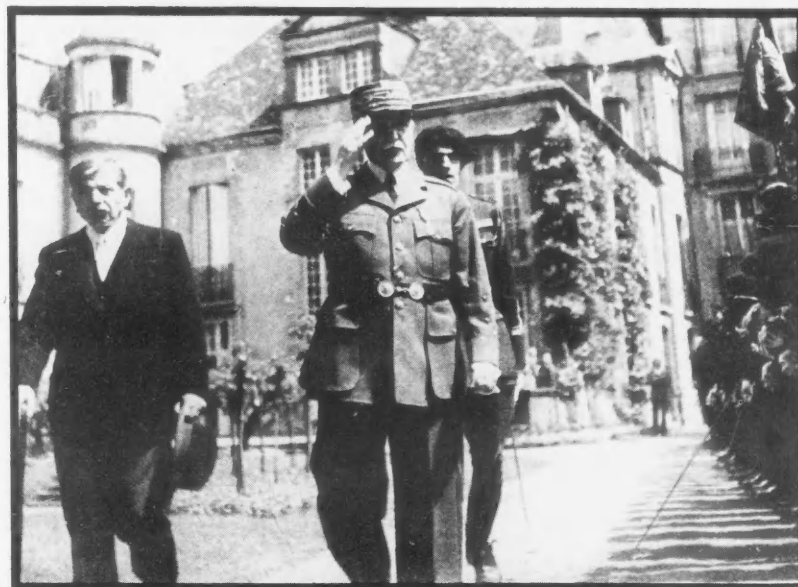
Of course there will be improvements from time to time in certain phases just as there have been improvements in the technique of surgery or oil refining, but already we have enough definite knowledge for the establishment of a sound, solid and definite industry despite the bleating of the defeatists and Jeremiahs.

The chemist can now produce a rubber that can be vulcanized, a rubber that wears longer and is less susceptible to sunlight and oxidation than the natural product. The natural rubber does not permit ventilation, but the synthetic variety can be made permeable to perspiration, yet absolutely waterproof.

We can outstrip nature not only in time but in quality.

Synthetic rubber is coming in "with a bang".

In the words of Winston Churchill, "Let her roll".



No friends of the United Nations, Vichy's Petain and Laval are shown here leaving the state reception given the new Argentine ambassador to France. With Brazil's position in the war made clear at last, the world's attention now turns to Argentina for some sign of her intentions. Early this week there seemed little chance that she too would throw in her lot with the United Nations against Hitler, preferring, as most observers think, to simply continue her neutrality and declare Brazil a "non-belligerent" as she did the U.S.A. after Pearl Harbour.

PATERNAL LAMENT

A quart of milk, at least—we have to give young "Nick" each day—
It costs us Forty Bucks a year I heard the Missus say
Then there is fruit and other food—
and doctor's bills and clothes.
Oh! Anyone who has a Kid knows
well how money goes—
So I can't see how Eighty Bucks—
exempted from my Tax
Because I have a youngster in
line with all the facts,
And "one-fifty" for his "Mummie",
would almost make me laugh
If I were not among the ones who
have to stand the gaff.
I guess the Finance Minister is like
old Mr. King
A bachelor who only has a dog upon
a string.

Nick.

al, we are already half way on the road to the rubber molecule, and in that respect oil is superior to alcohol as a starting point.

Germany has no natural oil, but uses oil produced from coal by hydrogenation, or uses benzene, a coal tar hydrocarbon obtained in coking coal. Alcohol is out of the question for Germany as she needs all her grain and potatoes for food. She must, therefore, rely upon coal as a starting point which involves a greater series of processes and, of course, more time. Synthetic rubber can also be made from coal by an acetylene process, instead of converting the coal into oil by hydrogenation.

We on this side of the Atlantic, that is the United States and Canada, have all three basic materials in abundance, oil, grain for alcohol and coal, and we can select what suits our purpose.

Nature and the Chemist

One day's production of oil in the United States alone would furnish sufficient raw material for the desired full yearly quota and much as we need oil, we can surely spare one day's production out of 365 for the production of synthetic rubber.

Both oil and rubber are made up of carbon and hydrogen only, and there are more than 100,000 different combinations known in nature of the union of those two elements only.

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TORONTO



THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1 3/4%), being at the rate of Seven percent (7%) per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of August, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

CHAS. GURNHAM
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, August 19th, 1942.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of August, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

CHAS. GURNHAM
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, August 19th, 1942.



Dominion Textile Co.

Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three Quarters per cent (1 3/4%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th September, 1942, payable 15th October, 1942, to shareholders of record 15th September, 1942.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary

Montreal, August 19th, 1942



Dominion Textile Co.

Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty five cents (\$1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th September, 1942, payable 1st October, 1942, to shareholders of record 5th September, 1942.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary

Montreal, August 19th, 1942.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

TIP TOP TAILORS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

A word in our column on the trend of operations of Tip Top Tailors Ltd. would be greatly appreciated. I might say that I find your answers to correspondents most helpful.

—T. K. H., Moncton, N.B.

Like many other companies, Tip Top Tailors Ltd. is suffering from the pressure of taxes, a reflection of which was the recent announcement that the company's quarterly dividend rate is being reduced from 15 cents to 7 1/2 cents with the disbursement payable October 1, 1942. The quarterly basis of 15 cents per share had been paid since April 1, 1937, supplemented by an extra of 10 cents per share paid January 2, 1938.

R. Dunkleman, the president, in advising shareholders of the change in dividend rate, said that earnings for the first six months of the year have been in excess of those for the same period of last year but that, because of the increased taxation effective July 1, it has been deemed advisable to reduce the dividend rate on the common stock for the time being. The dividend policy was also influenced by the fact that under war-time conditions, it has been necessary to carry much larger inventories than formerly.

In the year ended January 3, 1942, a decrease in orders for government uniforms reduced the volume of sales and this, together with higher operating costs, lowered net profits before depreciation and income taxes

from \$920,390 to \$499,179. However, depreciation provision was reduced by \$56,000 to \$123,879, income tax provision cut from \$371,612 to \$150,803 and no provision was made for inventories against which \$150,000 had been set aside the previous year, so that net per share on the common stock was raised from \$1.24 to \$1.28. Inventories were increased by approximately \$150,000 to \$2,325,175 in the last fiscal year.

THE FUTURE OF GOLD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As a subscriber to your paper, I would like to have your opinion as to the future of gold. After the war will governments continue to purchase gold at the prevailing price and will that price be maintained?

—R. A. H., New Denver, B.C.

I am of the opinion that the future of gold can be viewed with confidence. I believe that this age-old standard for money will retain its value in international exchange and play a very important part in post-war rehabilitation. There has been no indication whatever that the United States will discontinue buying our gold and expectations are that after the war adjustments of currencies will result in a sharp upturn in the price of the yellow metal.

Gold plays an important part in our national economy and has aided Canada in avoiding lease-lend debts in the purchases of war materials from the United States, which at present has every reason to main-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area some months ago and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

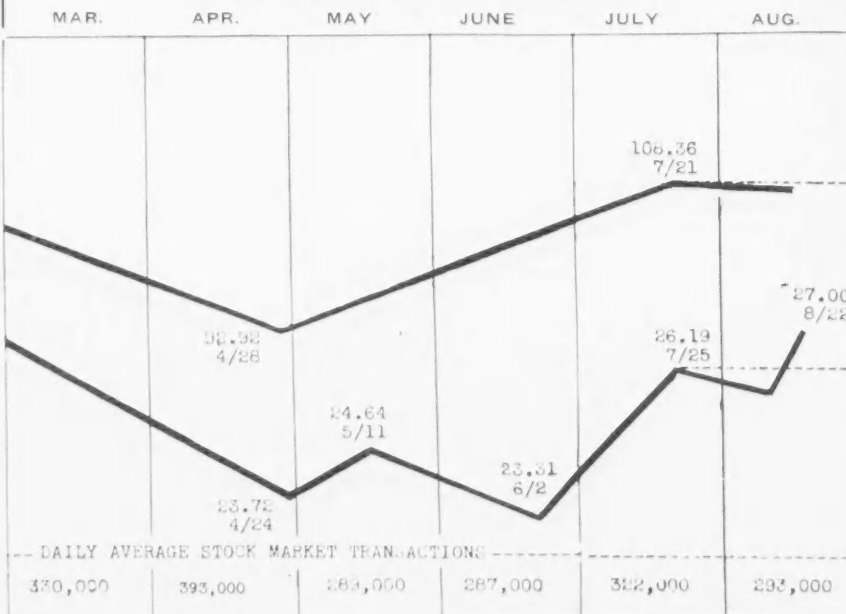
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be erected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

WATCH THE AVERAGES!

Over the period from April 28 to July 15 the stock market achieved a rather extensive advance, if consideration be given to the rate at which the movement progressed. The Dow-Jones industrial average, as an illustration, gained 17.2% in the 11-week period, an average advance of 1.56% a week or at the rate of 82% annually. Obviously, there is a limit to a pace of this calibre. The further it proceeds without correction, the more drastic the setback when it does develop.

Accordingly, the corrective movement setting in during the last half of July was a salutary development. So far this correction has only approached normal minimum limits—estimated by us at around 105 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. Normal maximum limits were previously stated at 102, with a test of the April 28 lows of around 93 possible but regarded as rather improbable on the basis of current developments. For a cue as to whether the recession is to carry further or whether renewal of the advance is under way, we would watch the action of the two averages over the immediate future. An early close in both the rails and the industrials at or above 27.20 and 109.92 would indicate strength as dominant, whereas a joint close at 24.46 and 103.78 would suggest further recession as in prospect.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



GOLD & DROSS

tain the price and value and use of gold, having the largest portion of the world's supply. Great Britain and her Dominions, as the world's largest producers, also have a natural desire to maintain the present position of gold.

Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, recently stated that one of the basic facts for peacetime reconstruction was "the use of gold as a base for national currencies and as means of settling international trade balances."

J. V. Murdoch, president of Noranda Mines, Canada's second largest gold producer in 1941, is of the opinion: "Gold will remain the 'marker' of basic economic unit of international trade and commerce; business today being too enormous to be conducted on a barter basis. Furthermore, we and our allies intend to be victorious in this world conflict, and it is inconceivable that these victors should deliberately throw away one of their greatest assets and tools for rehabilitation."

R. A. Bryce, president of Macassa Mines and head of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, told shareholders of his company that "... there are many important reasons why we need not expect that the United States will stop buying gold at the present price. For one thing the United States itself has the greatest stake of any country in gold and would stand to lose the most through anything that would destroy its value."

The anti-gold campaign has originated with Nazi propagandists because of the vital weapon gold is proving in the fight of the democratic nations. Earnings of our Canadian gold mines may be temporarily reduced by the steadily growing difficulties in obtaining labor and supplies, as well as by rising taxes, and this will mean decreased dividends, yet there is no doubt but that money represented by gold, still in the ground, represents a sound post-war investment.

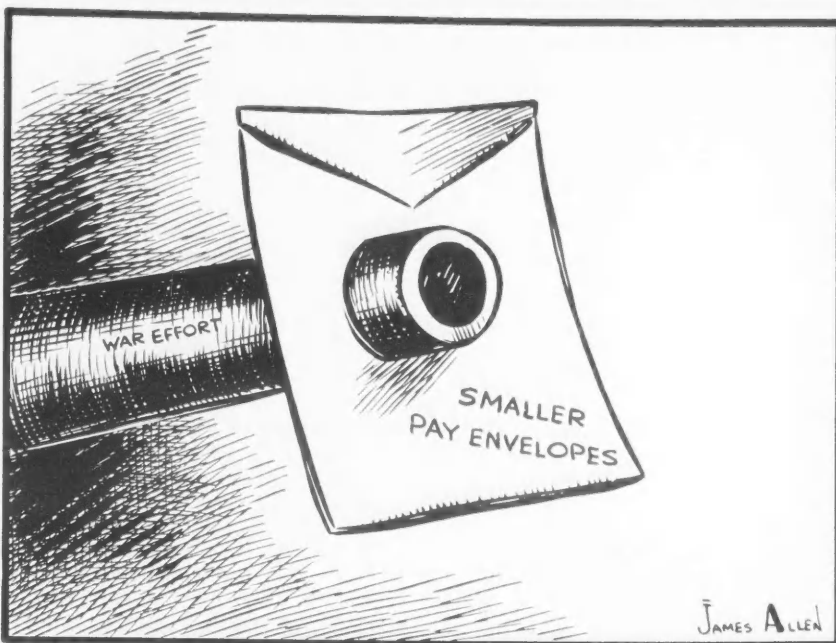
WILSON RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Is Wilson Red Lake active at present, or has it been lately? I have heard nothing of it for months. Will the recent government regulations result in it having to close down for the duration?

B.M.S., St. Catharines, Ont.

Wilson Red Lake Gold Mines appears to be marking time as far as its property in the East Bay section, of the Red Lake area, is concerned. The diamond drilling planned for last winter was not carried out and in view of the restrictions on gold mining, due to war-time require-



YOUR BATTLE STATION!

ments, it is regarded as unlikely the company will go ahead with any plans for diamond drilling for the duration of the war, or at least until there are signs Victory is in sight.

I understand the 22 claims comprising the property, which are regarded by the consulting geologist as having potential mine-making possibilities, have been patented, so the ground will be retained in good standing. It is possible however, the company in the interval may become interested in a base metal operation. Some proposals are stated to have been made and a meeting of the board of directors is planned to consider what action will be taken.

ELECTROLUX

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What can you tell me of Electrolux Corporation's earnings since the last annual report was issued? Also, what is the dividend situation?

J. C. L., Westmount, Que.

Electrolux Corporation's earnings fell off sharply in the first half of this year, amounting to \$245,683, equal to 20 cents a share on the capital stock after federal income taxes and a reserve of \$50,000 for war contingencies, as against net of \$893,422 or 72 cents per share for the first six months of 1941.

The trend is not encouraging, as evidenced by the fact that net for the quarter ended June 30 1942 was equal to only 5 cents per share, against 37 cents in the same quarter of 1941.

In February, 1942, directors of the company voted to suspend its policy of paying quarterly dividends in order to conserve the company's resources. The last payment was 20 cents on December 15, 1941 and future dividends will be considered as and when conditions justify.

ORPIT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

With a few dollars to speculate I am looking for a gold prospect, selling around two or three cents, which holds promise for the days after the war. Orpit Mines is the stock I have in mind and I would like to know what you think about it.

J.C.B., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Yes, as a gold prospect for post-war days, Orpit Mines appears to offer some promise.

A reorganization will, however, be necessary before the company can secure new finances, as practically all of its authorized 4,000,000 share capital is issued. With formation of a new company Orpit would probably receive a substantial vendor interest in exchange for the property, but there is the possibility Orpit shares would be pooled indefinitely, while the new company raises funds to sink a shaft and do underground exploration to prove up the values indicated in diamond drilling.

An extensive program of diamond drilling was carried out last year and after examining results, E. K. Fockler, mining geologist, recommended sinking a shaft to 500 feet, with 1,500 feet of lateral work on two levels. The ore zone was indi-

cated by regularly spaced drill holes for over 1,300 feet, with important widths of vein material over the greater part of this length. According to the consulting engineer a 500-foot section yielded commercial gold values over a good mining width.

GOODROCK

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to purchase Goodrock Gold Mines, my information being that a substantial tonnage of scheelite has been uncovered, from which good recovery of tungsten will be made, also that a Dominion Government geologist has recommended the immediate erection (by the Government) of a thousand-ton mill to extract this vital metal. Perhaps you will advise me if the stock is a fair speculation.

E. B., Toronto, Ont.

Although Goodrock Gold Mines has gold prospects in the Yellowknife area and Kirkland Lake camp, its activities at present are centred on the property previously owned by Galloway Gordon Lake Gold Mines, at Gordon Lake, in the North West Territories, where interesting tungsten values are reported. I am informed that scheelite, a mineral which contains tungsten, has been indicated in three veins, with the No. 1 apparently the most important. In this vein scheelite is said to be present along the entire length where open cut work has been done. The company's engineer is of the opinion it is a good commercial grade and recommends immediate installation of a mining plant and mill.

An option is reported to have been obtained on a mill and there is said to be a possibility of the company being in production in a small way before the end of the present season. The only intimation I have seen so far that the Government might erect a customs smelter in the Yellowknife area has been from the Goodrock officials. Goodrock has a 60 per cent interest in this property, which comprises 1,500 acres in one block, and an option, good for two years, on the remaining 40 per cent.

As one is unable to appraise the prospects for a strategic mineral venture, it is impossible to offer much advice as to its speculative merit. The grade and extent of the deposit, has to be determined as well as cost of recovery, treatments necessary, and the expense of marketing them. There are undoubtedly chances for large speculative profits in different directions in the development of war minerals, as long as the war demand exists, although problems facing their production are somewhat complex.

Canadian output of tungsten will be purchased by the Metals Controller at Ottawa. I understand the Atlas Steel Ltd., Welland, Ont., is the only Canadian company buying scheelite ores and concentrates. Lower grade ores and concentrates, will, I believe, be reconcentrated and brought up to commercial grade if shipped to the Ore Dressing Laboratory of the Bureau of Mines, Ottawa.

The Canadian price was recently raised to \$24 a unit. The price has been stepped up from \$17 since the

Province of Quebec —

Over 3.54% Interest Return

The Province of Quebec for the fiscal year ended March 31st, 1942 reported an "overall" surplus of \$1,500,000.

The funded debt per capita of the Province is the lowest of any province in Canada, excepting Prince Edward Island.

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Metals Controller took over the marketing of the product and the latest advance is expected to encourage further production.

The uses of tungsten are many and varied, and are increasing. The chief wartime uses are in tool steels, armor plate and in armor-piercing shells.

STEDMAN BROS.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What is the current yield on Stedman Bros. Ltd. common stock and would like your opinion as to the dividends and the general progress being made by this company. How many stores is the company operating, and where? Thanks.

E. V. C., Brandon, Man.

Sixty-nine stores are operated directly and another 156 under management contract. Stedman Bros. Ltd. carries on its wholesale and retail smallwares business throughout Canada, but most stores are located in Ontario and the Maritimes.

Together with the regular quarterly payment of 15 cents per share declared on the common shares payable on October 1, 1942, a bonus of 30 cents has also been declared. This brings the total bonus payments on the common for the year 1942 to 60 cents per share and equals the 60 cents bonus paid in 1941 and 1940. In April of this year, the bonus payment was reduced from 60 cents to 30 cents in order to conserve the liquid position of the company, although business up to then had shown an improvement over the like period of 1941. At the time of the reduction shareholders were assured that further consideration would be given to another payment of this nature should conditions warrant. This has now been done.

The present bonus of 30 cents would indicate that the company's business continues to show the substantial improvement that was demonstrated earlier in the year. Operating profits for the year 1941 were \$793,297 as compared with \$628,978 in 1940.

However the company is faced with a serious problem in obtaining many lines of merchandise carried for years past. In addition, the ceiling placed on retail prices restricts profits.

The current yield on the stock is about 9 per cent.

MADSEN RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am a long time reader of Gold & Dross and would greatly appreciate your opinion of the war-time outlook for Madsen Red Lake, in which I hold shares. What does the reported change in policy signify?

A. D. M., Windsor, Ont.

Madsen Red Lake appears in a very favorable position to weather wartime conditions. Ore reserves are sufficient for seven years milling, and if things were normal the company would be justified in increasing capacity of the mill above the present rate of 400 tons daily. The outlook for deeper development is also promising, work on the lower levels so far having exposed a larger tonnage and higher grade than on the shallower horizons.

The recent change in policy was the discontinuing of all new development. This decision was reached due to the highly satisfactory ore position and also to increased profits. It is anticipated this step will result in a saving in operating costs of around 50 cents per ton.

At the annual meeting it was intimated the company's position was better than average for operating under wartime restrictions and if disabilities due to the war do not increase, operating costs ought to be lower this year and, in addition, the higher grade ore going to the mill in recent months may step up profit per ton. Tonnage and production were both at new peaks in the second quarter of the current year. While the labor situation is not as good as it might be the company has been able to retain its key men.

ASSOCIATED BREWERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a quarterly dividend (No. 56) of 15¢ on the outstanding Preferred Shares of the Company has been declared, payable on the 1st day of October, 1942, to the holders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of September, 1942.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN THAT a quarterly dividend (No. 55) of twenty cents per share on the No Par Value Common Shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Dominion Exchange Control Board, on the 15th day of September, 1942, to the shareholders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of September, 1942.

By Order of the Board,
L. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.

PIONEER GOLD MINES OF B. C. LIMITED

N.P.L.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five cents (5¢) per share on the paid up capital stock of the Company has been declared for the quarter ending on the 30th day of September 1942, payable on the 1st day of October 1942, to the shareholders of record at the close of business on the 24th day of August 1942.

By Order of the Board,
ALFRED E. BULL,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Vancouver, B.C.
August 20, 1942.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Life Insurance and Post-War Economy

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It is expected in some quarters that after the war there will be more regulation and control of business generally; that profits will be less; that top incomes will be lower while bottom incomes will be higher and thus create much greater mass purchasing power and a bigger market for goods and services.

There will still be ample opportunity for initiative and enterprise, although competition will be keener and more ingenuity will be required to achieve success. Along with the system of greater government control, it will be necessary to maintain the private enterprise system in order to pay the bill for public works and social welfare programs.

ALREADY insurance executives are giving serious consideration to the post-war future of the business. It is recognized, of course, that any appraisal of the future of life insurance must be made with a view to the future of our national economy also in mind. It is taken for granted that there will be more regulation and control of business generally, but that there will still be ample opportunity for initiative and enterprise, although the competition will be more severe and more ingenuity will be required to achieve success.

It is expected that business profits will be less; that top incomes will be lower, while bottom incomes will be higher. That is, while some adjustments downward of top incomes will be necessary, the income status of the lower earning groups will be better, and this will create much greater mass purchasing power, which means a larger market for goods and services.

There will still be a definite need for the maintenance of the free enterprise system alongside the system of greater government control, it is contended, because it will be necessary for the private enterprise system to be kept in existence in order to pay the bill for the public works and social welfare programs.

One fact is regarded as plain, and that is that changes are bound to come; that those businesses which are flexible and can change will survive; and that those which do not or cannot change will not survive. The history of the businesses which have

persisted in spite of depressions and market crashes like that of 1929, it is noted, shows that they have been able to do so because of a capacity to shift from one type of operation to another or because they have been capable of readjusting their affairs from one type of social and economic environment to another.

Bulwark of Security

There can be no question that life insurance has become an integral part of our way of life. It has been rightfully described as the greatest single item in the foundation of family security among our people today. As the head of the Institute of Life Insurance, Mr. Holgar J. Johnson, points out: "Man's struggle for security is, after all, the motivating force behind all social, economic and political change. We have it behind the present world-wide struggle. The Axis countries took the totalitarian way to obtain what they thought would be security by government edict; the democracies have built a degree of security, never before equally arrived at, through the system of free enterprise and individual initiative."

Of course any forecast of the future of life insurance made at the present time must, as he says, be based upon the assumption that the war will result in a complete victory for the United Nations; that totalitarianism will be finally and conclusively crushed; and that all peoples will be left free to progress on their way to

greater freedom and greater security.

Defeat of the United Nations would mean the end of everything we cherish, including freedom and security, and is too terrible an alternative to contemplate. But will victory, when won, necessarily bring in its train an economic debacle? Mr. Johnson refers to a statement frequently made that there will be no net incomes of over \$10,000 after the war, and to the prediction of one writer that all pay will be based on a soldier's pay, plus certain sums for contingencies.

Total War Test

These statements are cited as illustrations of the absurd prognostications of what the future holds in store for us, there being little evidence on hand to substantiate such views, for, even in the case of the most drastic official proposals so far made concerning income restrictions, the operation of such restrictions is definitely limited to the duration of the war. Everyone whose views are regarded as of national importance has favored the continuance of the system of free enterprise.

But some persons claim that this war is so different and is so vast and far-reaching that the very roots of our fundamental institutions, including the institution of life insurance, will be materially affected. As an answer to such persons we have the experience of the life insurance companies doing business in Great Britain, where total war has been under way for more than two years, and where bombing deaths of civilians have been as numerous as anywhere in the world.

And yet the current reports of British life insurance business for the second full year under war conditions show a lower mortality rate in spite of increased war deaths, and an increase in sales notwithstanding all the deterring factors which exist to a much greater extent than on this side of the water. Surrenders of policies also show a decided decrease below the already low points. Thus the business continues on its way, maintaining an ample degree of security, and rendering an ever



Londoners are being treated to some curious sights these days, result of the need for conserving "petrol". Many of the city's buses now are operating on "producer-gas" generated from coke or anthracite and, in some cases, charcoal. Equipment for making the gas is carried on a trailer. Note the gas operated private car with balloon storage tank.

greater service to policyholders and beneficiaries; and also to the nation at large through its purchases of war bonds.

While it is expected that mortality will increase as the war goes on; that government bond holdings yielding a low rate of interest will also greatly increase; and that net earnings will decrease still further; yet there is no tangible evidence to show that the institution of life insurance will not be able to weather the strain of this war as successfully as it has surmounted the vicissitudes of the wars, epidemics and depressions of the past. It is built as a whole on such a firm foundation and conducted on such an ample margin of safety that it can pass through such crises without imperilling the security afforded the holders of its contracts.

Financial Strength

Government figures recently published show that the total admitted assets at the end of 1941 of the Canadian life insurance companies operating under Dominion registry were \$2,582,698,986, while the total liabilities except capital amounted to \$2,502,551,404, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$80,147,582. As the paid up capital amounted to \$11,783,440, there was a net surplus of \$68,364,172 over capital, policy reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders and all liabilities on annuities in force prior to June 23, 1942.

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

As a reader of your interesting paper I would like to ask for some information about the financial standing of the Montreal Life Insurance Company in which I have an annuity policy. Also, what is the position of an annuitant who is a woman under present taxes?

—L. L. H., Montreal, Que.

Montreal Life Insurance Company, with head office at Montreal, has been in business since 1910, and operates under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed for the transaction of life insurance and annuity business, and maintains a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders and annuitants exclusively.

At the end of 1941 its total admitted assets were \$9,062,828, according to Government figures, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$8,837,238, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$225,590. Its total income in 1941 was \$2,119,159, and its total disbursements, \$1,333,111, showing an excess of income over disbursements of \$786,048. Policyholders and annuitants are amply protected, and the company is safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable. In the case of a single woman, there is no tax if her income is not in excess of \$660 per annum, and if her income exceeds that amount she is allowed a deduction on any tax payable up to \$100 for premiums paid on life insurance pol-

icies on annuities in force prior to June 23, 1942.

Editor, About Insurance:

I have a policy with the Mutual Insurance Agency, 347 Bay Street, Toronto, and am wondering whether I should renew it when the premium comes due again shortly. Have heard recently that they are not much on paying any claims due, and if you can give me a report on their financial standing in Canada and let me know if funds are maintained in this country for the payment of Canadian claims, it would be very much appreciated.

—T. A. G., Collins Bay, Ont.

If the policy you bought from the Mutual Insurance Agency, Toronto, is a policy of the Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska, with Canadian head office at Toronto, you need have no misgiving as to the collectability of any claim arising under the policy, as the Association is regularly licensed in Canada and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$781,500 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were \$796,532, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$615,082, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of \$181,450. All valid claims arising in Canada are readily collectable, as funds are available here for the purpose, and may be collected through the local courts if necessary.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE : 3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

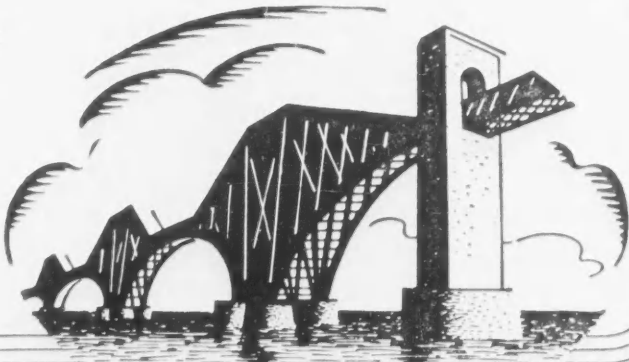
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Germans May Recall Schacht

WHEN Dr. Hjalmar Schacht and his high white collar disappeared from the scene of German finance there was a good deal of tut-tutting in Germany as well as elsewhere at Hitler's extraordinary lapse. Schacht was the man who controlled Germany's finances throughout the post-war years of inflation, who argued and schemed ways round the Versailles Treaty, who brought order out of incredible chaos. He was in Germany more even than Montagu Norman was to Britain. His job was so much more difficult. Schacht was no Nazi but he did good work for Hitler, and then suddenly he was dropped and in his place stood Funk, the financial journalist, who promised Hitler the moon. Now, the name Schacht is again on German lips and there are well-informed rumors that his "retirement" is a retirement into the wings to plan his next entrance on the stage of international finance. And the setting will be the defeat of Nazi Germany's megalomaniac ambitions.

It is true that Germany (or, rather, the Germans who know) no longer expects the sort of fantastic military victory which was to have made the Nazis the overlords of the earth. In business circles preparation is being made for the worst. The big-shot Nazis were the first to get their money out of the country, and that was before the war started. But now the question is what can Germany do if, so far from being even negatively

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

In Germany only the strictest of controls prevents inflation of the most violent kind. Scared German business men who figure that Hitler has already lost the war are saying that Hjalmar Schacht will again have to be called on to pilot the financial ship. Schacht was the man who made Versailles a piece of paper and paved the way for Hitler.

victorious in that she saves some of the loot, she finds herself having to accept whatever terms the United Nations are pleased to offer. The answer is Schacht.

What is the financial set-up in Germany today? The fierce vitality of industry and agriculture has provided a situation in which only the strictest of controls prevents inflation of the most violent kind. Germany's total debt is around Rm. 160,000 millions, which is greater than at the end of the last war. The position is different now, with strict rationing and control of almost every form of expenditure. The big run on shares, which was the inevitable expression of intense liquidity with no "real" outlet, had to be stopped by, *inter alia*, a securities call-up, but the persisting terror of inflation has been emphasized by the extraordinary number of decrees and regulations recently issued to govern financial operations. Imagine what would happen if defeat came suddenly to open the gates of the enormous dam which holds in check the inflationary flood. The size of the debt indicates the degree of actual capital loss, which must cripple the German economy when the war ends and there is no hope of consolidating the ephemeral conquests made by the armies. But the immediate thing would be the rush of pent-up purchasing power on to very meagre quantities of goods. Here is the frame for the same sort of inflation picture with which the German people became so well acquainted in the period when it was said that it was necessary to hire a lorry to carry sufficient banknotes to buy a square meal, and when shameless men in London's streets sold worthless Ger-

man notes of astronomical face value for a British penny, and made a penny profit on the deal.

Nazi Germany still has its very powerful core of business chiefs. Nazism, indeed, cannot ever lose its business men, for the profit motive at its worst is part of its black soul. And the business men are getting scared. They reckon that Hitler has lost the war, and they want the answer to the difficult question of the sort of peace terms that they know they deserve. Thinking in terms of 1918 they expect something like Versailles again. And their answer is now, as it was then, Schacht.

What sort of course will the old pilot be expected to steer when he comes up on the bridge again? Schacht used to command a lot of respect, even in places which suffered no illusions about Germany. He was undoubtedly clever. He managed to put over some deals very favorable to his countrymen, and he worked up a considerable, and useful, volume of sympathy. The idea is that he will do all this again. Almost certainly, he will not take office again while the war is on. He will be kept untarnished. He will emerge as the representative of an older, more civilized Germany, who was rather shocked by the Nazis and treated by them pretty badly. Some of that story is indeed true. He did not like the Nazis and told them so, and they did treat him pretty shabbily. The business men think he will be able to pull the trick off again. Anyway, he is their only hope.

So while idle money in Germany continues to accumulate at an unprecedented rate and the time bomb is developing which one day will blow economic Germany to bits unless the fuse is pinched out, we will do well to remember the quiet man in the tall collar who alone is capable of dousing the fuse. He will come on us at a time when we have it in our power to do what we like with the Hitlers and the Goerings, the Goebbels and the Leys, and he will come begging for the decent people of Germany. He will try, as he did before, to carve out some comfortable places for the German people. And he must not succeed. With a trust that we can perhaps admire and with an ability to which we must pay our respects, he made Versailles a piece of paper and paved the way for Hitler. There must be no more Hitlers.

per-lead-zinc properties of Sudbury Basin Mines, as well as the big holdings of Coast Copper in British Columbia.

Macassa Mines produced \$178,848 in gold during July, compared with \$207,045 in June. The reduction in output was due largely to a decline in grade of ore treated, the recovery for July being \$15.12 per ton compared with \$17.25 in the preceding month.

Sladen Malartic Gold Mines treated 64,639 tons of ore during the second quarter of 1942 compared with 64,137 in the first quarter. Output for the second quarter was \$299,619 compared with \$300,383 in the preceding quarter. A feature was a reduction in operating costs to \$2.85 per ton as compared with \$2.95 in the first quarter. As a result of this the operating profit rose to \$115,074 in the second quarter as compared with \$111,094 in the first quarter.

Noranda Mines made a net profit of \$2,744,136 in the second quarter of 1942 compared with \$2,841,317 in the first quarter. Net profit for the first half of 1942 was \$2.49 compared with \$2.40 in the first half of 1941.

Sheritt-Gordon Mines is still uncertain about plans to increase operations in order to produce zinc as well as copper. A shortage of labor is the chief problem. The desired

number of men are believed to be available on the nearby prairies, but with many of the men believed to be hesitant about leaving the farms where they enjoy military exemption to greater extent than at the mines. This situation promises to give rise to considerable debate involving the truth that there is already a burdensome excess quantity of wheat on hand yet with a pronounced shortage of products of the mines.

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold appears likely to be called upon to produce as much arsenic as possible. A year ago the company made heavy financial outlay in equipment designed to get rid of the arsenic. At that time the government was not interested. Now comes evidence of government demands for arsenic, with indications that mines like MacLeod-Cockshutt, Beattie Gold Mines, and Hard Rock Gold Mines may be called upon to provide for production on as big a scale as possible. The indications are that gold mines which produce much-needed wartime minerals would be placed in preferred classes in respect to labor and supplies.

Renable Mines, controlled by Macassa Mines, may not be brought into production until the end of the war. Engineers have estimated sufficient ore in sight to justify erection of a mill designed to handle 300 tons of ore per day. The grade of ore is around \$11 per ton. The property is situated in the Missanable district.

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News of the Mines

J. A. McRAE

THOMPSON-LUNDMARK Gold Mines made an operating profit of \$313,174 during the fiscal year ended April 30. Ore so far drawn from the mine has yielded .63 ounces gold to the ton, or some \$24 to the ton. Costs are being held at around \$13.50. Although Thompson-Lundmark is not a large operation yet it does provide practical demonstration that gold mining can be conducted successfully in the Northwest Territories. Excellent management has contributed to the successful solution of the many difficulties encountered in connection with mining and milling gold ore in an area so far removed from railway transportation.

Lake Shore Mines at Kirkland Lake will pay the usual dividend of 20 cents per share for the third quarter of 1942. According to present indications the earnings may be somewhat above that level, but continuation of this conservative rate of disbursement is considered to be wise in view of the difficult problems of labor and supplies.

McIntyre-Porcupine Mines has reduced mill operations 20 per cent., the plant now handling 2,000 tons of ore daily as compared with a former rate of 2,500 tons. During the three months ended June 30 the net profit was \$836,202 or \$1.05 per share. This compared with \$1.02 during the corresponding period last year. Under

the program of reduced tonnage it will be possible to slightly increase the grade of ore to the end that while mill capacity will be reduced about 20 per cent., yet the decline in production may not exceed 15 per cent. Further offsetting this reduction is the expectations that costs may be also reduced.

Dome Mines Company at Porcupine will disburse the usual dividend of 40 cents per share for the third quarter of 1942 thereby holding distribution in line with current rate of profit.

Hollinger Consolidated may undertake development of its copper-bearing property in the Kamiskotia district. The mine lies within 25 miles of Hollinger itself. The mine has been lying in idleness for some years, being unable to operate profitably with copper at the prevailing fixed price. Special concessions will have to be made in the form of a higher price for the product of the mine, either that or a government subsidy.

With the governments of both Canada and the United States showing interest in ways and means to place the Kamiskotia copper property of Hollinger Consolidated in production there will be general expectations that similar interest may develop in other directions. This might well involve the Sudbury cop-

When Dunsterville's Army Saved Russian Oil

GERMANY's Russian offensive is running true to expectations, a drive to cut off the Caucasus in order to deprive Russia of her chief supply of oil, and at the same time cut the Anglo-American supply line from Persia.

In the last war not only did British troops succeed in preventing the use of the oil wells to Germany and her Ally, Turkey, but nipped in the bud any attempt to march on India, by no means an impossible feat after the collapse of the Russian Army, and the Revolutionary ferment of 1917. Is history destined to repeat itself?

The situation after the Russian Revolution of 1917 was serious from the British point of view, for the whole Middle East was again threatened, even though the Turks had been driven from Bagdad. These, however, advanced north and occupied much territory, for they were only opposed by Georgian and Armenian guerrillas, courageous but ill-equipped. In order to ward off the growing danger to India British troops entered Western Persia. But Bagdad was 800

miles south of Baku. It was impossible to despatch an army through roadless country over which anarchic conditions prevailed.

So, to begin with, Major-General Dunsterville was commissioned to leave Bagdad, proceed north and weld the forces opposing the Turks into a coherent and organized whole. He set out with 40 armored cars and an adventurous journey through territory infested with brigands, led by Mirza Khan, who had with him German, Austrian, and Turkish instructors all supplied with machine-guns. For a short period Dunsterville had the assistance of a Russian force under General Bicherokov. This Russian commander fought bravely, and inflicted a serious defeat on the brigands, driving them back to the forests. Then he and his men had to leave the area, but by this time the British commander had received reinforcements, consisting of cavalry, a battery of field guns, and infantry. Once again Mirza Khan attacked, but was worsted again, and finding hostilities rather too hot a game, he gave it up and decided it would pay

BY MURRAY OULTON

This is the story of an extraordinary British campaign of the last war which is little known by the man in the street, the story of Major-General Dunsterville's march to Baku and his successful delaying action which kept the enemy from using the oil wells and perhaps prevented an invasion of India.

him better to contract for supplies to the British force!

Having disposed of this troublesome foe, Dunsterville marched on with his force to Baku, but by the time he reached it, his men had been reduced to about a thousand. At the great oil port he put up a magnificent resistance against overwhelming Turkish forces. The foe numbered two divisions, but the British held out against them for six weeks. Eventually Dunsterville had

to retire into Persia because of the concentration of forces against him, but he had gained invaluable time, prevented the enemy using the oil wells, and kept them away from the Caspian as well.

As a matter of fact the enemy was never able to exploit this success to the full. Triumph in the north was short-lived, because Allenby was advancing rapidly from Egypt, inflicting crushing defeats upon the Turks, who had to withdraw their troops from the Caucasus to meet the invading British. Allenby's Palestinian victories put paid to the Turks' Caucasian armies as well.

The Germans would find the Caucasus Mountains the most difficult campaigning country they have yet met. Turks and Russians often found it impossible to move over rugged tracks for days on end because of blinding blizzards. In those days mechanized transport was almost unknown in Caucasia, and horses had to be depended upon. Actually in winter these are far better able to move than lorries, but the passes of the Caucasus lie at such

an altitude that no army could cross them in winter.

It is sometimes forgotten that the Caucasus are the loftiest mountain range in Europe, and both the great oil ports of Baku and Batum lie south of the mountains. The only military highway is the famous Georgian Road, running to Tiflis; the other main highway is the Ossetic Road, and it crosses the summit at over 9,000 ft. Around Baku the country reeks with oil, and everywhere is black, but only a few miles away among the Caucasus the traveller sees some of the most magnificent scenery in the world.

The Hitler War

(Continued from Page 12)

and perfect air cover, as long as the other fellow has an air force in action. The Germans put hundreds of planes into the air, and kept trying from the time we arrived till after we had left. But we did have an effective air cover. Middleton saw only one small craft sunk in front of Dieppe all morning, and says that 17 Nazi bombers paid for this. McVane of NBC exulted that they had "snuggled against the French coast in broad daylight, and Jerry hadn't been able to do anything about it." Quentin Reynolds heard Major-General Roberts call for Spitfires to drive off Focke-Wulfs which were strafing our men on the beach, and saw these arrive in exactly one minute. That's air support.

Impossible as it must have been to keep an exact score in such a mad mix-up, the RAF, according to its well-known conservative accounting, only claims 92 definitely shot down against 98 of ours, but believes that twice as many again were probably destroyed, or damaged. And it must be kept in mind that our fighters had to cover shipping or escort bombers and were not merely free agents out for a scrap. When they do go out like this on their big sweeps over Northern France the Germans usually refuse to come up.

Because of this, our sweeps have failed to wear down the Nazi fighter strength very much. Such an affair as that at Dieppe, however, forces them into the air and allows us to get at them. There can be no question but that, engaging another large air force on the eastern front and suffering a constant heavy drain there, the Luftwaffe can afford such losses as those of last Wednesday less than we can.

Price of Experience

The loss at Dieppe might almost be justified, therefore, in providing us with the most notable air victory since the Battle of Britain, for wearing down the Luftwaffe is one of the necessary preconditions to opening a second front. This, Fred Griffin concluded after three days of intense discussion in London concerning the lessons of the raid, "will need time and planning yet." The loss at Dieppe ought also to have purchased experience which will allow our commanders to save many times that many lives in the actual invasion.

And when one considers the anxiety in so many cities and so many families in Canada concerning the casualty list for this relatively small action, what must the grief and anxiety be in Germany by now, after the enormous losses of the past 15 months in Russia? Should Hitler fail to take Stalingrad and Baku, should his victories peter out and the sacrifice of this campaign, as of last year's, prove unavailing in winning a decisive victory over the Soviets, then German morale at home must be severely affected and provide a promising target for our intensified bombing this fall and winter.

Should Hitler take Stalingrad, and sweep past Grozny to Baku, Russia will have suffered a very grave defeat and we may have to invade in the west to offer her relief, before we have had many more exercises like Dieppe.

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